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Business Satisfactory

Monetary Times Man Sees Encouraging Prospects on Western Trip

"By judicious advertising of our country's resources capital is bound to flow into our many remunerative channels. More and more it is being recognized that in a hundred ways the Dominion affords investments with a maximum return and a minimum of jeopardy." So said Fred W. Field, editor of the Monetary Times, to a Free Press representative. Mr. Field has just returned from a trip through the West and is staying at the Royal Alexandra for a few days before proceeding east.

"The more one sees of the western provinces," he continued, "the more one realizes what room there is for capital from home, from our neighbors and from abroad. Cities desiring to be distributing points are calling for warehouses. Those possessing the right assets are asking manufacturers to locate with them. Capital and population is needed for what we may call the discovered country, and these same two requirement will in a few years be in order in the vast country north and west of Edmonton. Probably only the men who have been there know well it is not a land of muskeg only. The first railroad to tap its fertility will have ample reward.

"The prevailing tone in business circles throughout the West is conservative. Conditions cannot be made to suit everybody, a remark may day recently caused one man to remark to me that it was doing good for his business. Another said that the ladies did not come out in such weather to patronize his store. A couple of years ago it was pretty difficult to get a man to say frankly that business was quiet. Now, from Winnipeg westward men candidly admit that business is quiet. They add the little word 'but,' and the spirit of confidence finishes their sentence. The insane art of exaggeration has almost disappeared. It is realized that gilding the truth, so far as Western Canada is concerned, is unnecessary. The truth told concerning the satisfactory and and substantial prospects in the West is sufficient to attract capital worth the having.

"While there is no boom in business many evidences of prosperity exist. In every city and town of any size automobiles are found. The agricultural chauffeur is the latest arrival. He has one hand on the honk bulb, while the other grasps the reins. He has enough money to sit back cosily cushioned in his car scaring and quietening at the same time the passing horse of the farmer. In the newest towns one sees too little jewelry stores. Trinkets are not first purchases; they usually come after a man's hunger is satisfied.

"The real estate situation has proven of curious construction. In the days not long since, when people throughout Canada gambled in real as wildly as the Monte Carlo novice, some good money was lost for ever. As time went on it was prophesied that a bad smash would occur in land values. This has not been the case. Good farm lands, inside city lots, and lots which might be reasonably included in a city's area, have maintained their value. In those elusive real estate bargains nobody knows how far from a city hall has most money been sunk. But, taking the real estate situation as a whole, little complaint is heard. This is for a good reason—the foundation upon which Western Canada is built is now too solid to be undermined by any little kink in politics."

Father Vaughan on 'Power of Love.'

Powerful Discourse by Noted Orator Opens Lecture Series at Congregational Church

An audience which represented the best intellect of the city filled the body of the Central Congregational Church taxed the capacity of the galleries and occupied every seat in the schoolroom annex on the occasion of the opening of the third annual series of lectures, and was treated to one of the most brilliant and touching orations that has been delivered in this city.

Rev. Father Vaughan was the orator of the occasion and his topic was "The Power of Love." The theme, which in a word explained every phase of world progress since the coming of Christ, was dexterously handled by the famous speaker and time after time, when the audience would have awakened the echoes of applause throughout the structure, it was suddenly swept into the throes of another passion by just a phrase from the mouth of the powerful speaker.

The selection of the subject and the manner in which it was dealt with was in itself a huge tribute to Father Vaughan, but it was his resonant voice which carried the beautifully spoken words from his mouth to the furthermost corners of the building and the deep import with which every word was uttered that absorbed the interest of the audience and made the lecture one [illegible] been privileged to listen to.

Although termed a lecture it was in reality a sermon—a grand sermon—which played upon the finest emotions of which people are capable. It was a sermon on Love and was handled by a man who was a master of the subject.

In his discourse Father Vaughan dealt not with professed Christianity but with the real spiritual feelings with which a true Christian should be endowed. Church-going Christians who let their obligations end when they leave the building after a service were severely criticised and pathetic illustrations of painful scenes which would easily have been avoided by a gentle word assisted Father Vaughan in denouncing what is little more than mock Christianity.

His every syllable was followed with intense interest and it was not until he stepped from the platform, after speaking for an hour and ten minutes, that those in attendance woke from the motionless silence which marked the address and accorded Father Vaughan round after round of applause.—Winnipeg Telegram.

School Report

SOUTH SIDE SCHOOL.

The following is the report for September:—

Present every day: Berenice Carroll, Beatrice Spark, Charlie Drury, Walter Drury, Kathryn Kidd, Jeanne Malo, May Miller, Alex. Snowdon, Willie Carroll, Harold Boughy, Seth Boughy, Herbert Benson.

St. III.: Jean Primrose 81, Leona Holman 65.

St. II.: Kathryn Kidd 60.

Part II.: Beatrice Spark 80, Raymond Hull 77, Rulon Holman 75.

Part I., First Class: Cyril Beverley 81, Tom Snowdon 77, Roy McBrayne 72. Primer Class: Harold Boughy 75, Charlie Drury 72.

Is Our Holiday System Wrong?

Dr. Toulouse Advises Short Periods of Rest Each Day Instead of Regular Holiday

Like the late Russian sage Dr. Toulouse, the famous French medical expert, does not believe in vacations. Dr. Toulouse above all objects to the idea that it is necessary to rest the mind by exercising the body. The axiom, he says, is proved by physiology to be absurd. When the body gets tired the mind does not rest. To take a long walk, for instance, after several hours of mental work is simply adding one fatigue to another. The less physical exercise the better. Fresh air and one hour's walking a day is all that is required. Dr. Toulouse boldly declares that no athlete was ever a genius and no intellectual man can ever be much of an athlete. You cannot spend your vitality in two direction. The system of taking a whole day's rest every week and a month or two at a time every year is physiologically ridiculous. "When we take our vacation," Dr. Toulouse says, "we generally devote our time to some physical exercise—cycling, golfing, mountaineering or swimming—to which our body is not adapted. It upsets our physique and the fatigue reacts on our minds, with the result that nine of ten persons feel worse after a vacation than when they started and are unable to resume work properly. We do not need long rests: we want short ones. [illegible] our Sunday, but four separate half-hours per day. Do not rest one or two months a year after ten months of intense life and work, but divide those twelve months into half-holidays of delightful laziness. What would you say of a man who would work unceasingly for six years and then spend a whole year in idleness? Yet this is exactly what we do on a smaller scale with our Sundays."

"East Lynne."

The Johnson Brothers from Utah, assisted by the local talent, will present in the Taber Opera House on Friday evening, Oct. 16th, 1908, the great emotional drama, "East Lynne, or the Earl's Daughter." On this occasion the acoustic qualities of the house will be improved to the extent that all will be able to hear. 34-1t

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$5 to $10, 06 | $30 to $50, 15c
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The Taber Trading Co., Ltd.
Big Clearing Sale of GUNS

Jaussen,	Double Barrel	—	REGULAR	$13.50	...	SPECIAL	$10.75
"	" "	—	"	$17.00	...	"	$14.50
"	" "	—	"	$18.00	...	"	$15.50
"	" "	—	"	$22.50	...	"	$18.25
Hopkins & Allen,	" "	—	"	$30.00	...	"	$26.00
Remington	" "	—	"	$35.00	...	"	$30.00
Diamond A (Hammerless)		—	"	$35.00	...	"	$30.00
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Harness, saddles, whips, robes, blankets and everything for your horse. Special attention given to orders of all kinds
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The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber Hotel.
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Standing The Test.

By W. F. Bryan.

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Excitment was at white heat in the convention town. The ring was in the last ditch, fighting gamely. Robert Woodham, who had led many another forlorn hope and who had grown gray in the service of his party (as he had understood that service), shook his head as he went over the columns of figures in the inner office at the temporary headquarters.

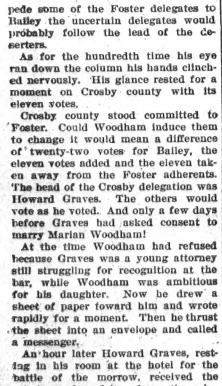
Try as he would he could not figure a victory. The two-thirds rule prevailed and he could count barely a majority for the ring candidate. The nomination of Dudley for governor meant the triumph of the reform faction and the utter disruption of the state machine, for Foster stood pledged to investigate to the fullest the graft charges brought against the ring.

On the other hand, Graham Bailey was secretly pledged to forget the same promises he had made. Apparently both men were eager to uncover the graft that was the disgrace of the party, but Foster alone was sincere.

The exposure of the graft scandals would not affect Woodham directly. He had always kept himself clear of the crooked work in the party. Could it be accomplished quietly, he would welcome the feat of ridding the party of those politicians who were responsible for the scandal, but here lay the trouble! The graft was widespread. Its uncovering would disrupt the entire party machine. New and inexperienced men would be placed in charge of the party interests, and no members of the old ring could find a place in the councils.

To Robert Woodham politics was as the breath of life to his nostrils. He had played the game from the day that he had organized the Junior Marching club in the little village which had been his boyhood home. It was his sole relaxation. Other strategists played chess. He preferred the political pawn to the bits of carved wood or ivory and his board was an entire state.

Now he saw the end of it all. Unless on an early ballot he could swing the doubtful delegates into the Bailey ranks there would be a stampede to Foster. If he could arrange to stampede some of the Foster delegates to Bailey the uncertain delegates would probably follow the lead of the deserters.



"REVOLT IS IN THE VERY AIR!" CRIED THE OLD MAN.

As for the hundredth time his eye ran down the column his hands clinched nervously. His glance rested for a moment on Crosby county with its eleven votes.

Crosby county stood committed to Foster. Could Woodham induce them to change it would mean a difference of twenty-two votes for Bailey, the eleven votes added and the eleven taken away from the Foster adherents. The head of the Crosby delegation was Howard Graves. The others would vote as he voted. And only a few days before Graves had asked consent to marry Marian Woodham!

At the time Woodham had refused because Graves was a young attorney still struggling for recognition at the bar, while Woodham was ambitious for his daughter. Now he drew a sheet of paper toward him and wrote rapidly for a moment. Then he thrust the sheet into an envelope and called a messenger.

An hour later Howard Graves, resting in his room at the hotel for the battle of the morrow, received the missive and read it a dozen times before he placed it in his pocket.

It was diplomatically worded. It did not openly bribe, but suggested that the writer had learned that he was mistaken as to Graves' political affiliations. If it was true, as he now had reason to believe, that Graves and the Crosby delegation were in reality supporters of the Bailey boom, he begged to withdraw his opposition to the match Graves had suggested.

Graves was still uncertain when he went into the convention hall the following morning. From his place in the Sheens county delegation Woodham nodded pleasantly to him and with a glance directed the young attorney's gaze into the galleries.

There ran from the four sides of the hall, and directly above the chairman's desk sat Marian Woodham. She had come down in answer to her father's telegram the night before, and they entered the convention hall before he had explained to her the reason he had sent for her.

"You keep your eye on Graves and he will vote right," had been her father's admonition. "Your wedding present will be that house on Maple street, and you can furnish it as you like. I'll take your husband into the firm too."

It was a heavy bribe. The house alone was worth $10,000, and a partnership with Woodham, Calla & Creagh would save Graves a weary struggle. It was scarcely to be wondered at that her face was white and wan as she leaned over the balcony rail and tried to smile at Graves.

She heard as in a dream the preliminaries. The state chairman placed Bailey's name in nomination, and her father seconded it, asking that the nomination be made unanimous. There was a derisive hoot from the opposition at this, and some one nominated Dudley Foster, and some one else made the seconding speech. There were no other nominations, and the chairman of the convention directed that the balloting begin.

It was the custom in the convention for the spokesman of each delegation to announce the vote when the name of his county was called, and the lifeless voice of the clerk began.

From the first it was apparent that the contest would be close, and as Crosby county was called there was a stir through the hall. All the morning there had been rumors that some of the Foster delegates would go over to the ring candidate, and Crosby county had been one of those mentioned. As Graves rose in his place men moved forward on the edge of their chairs and Marian's face went deadly white.

For a moment Graves stood unsteadily regarding the blur of faces, in which Marian's stood out distinctly. Even at that distance he could see that she was intensely interested, and the thought that she counted on his treachery hurt for a moment, even though he realized that it was natural that she should be interested in her father's success.

To him the time seemed an hour; to others it seemed a full minute, though it was not one-quarter of that time. Then with a steady voice Graves answered:

"Crosby county casts eleven votes for the Hon. Dudley Foster."

For a moment there was the stillness of a house of death. Then the ringing cheers broke out, and a moment later Bannon county, one of the uncertain quantities, followed Graves' lead and the stampede was started, but not at all in accordance with Woodham's plans.

The hall was still ringing with the cheers of the nonplussed Foster adherents when a telegraph boy approached Graves with a message that he was wanted outside. Quickly he made his way through the jubilating crowd to the hall to come face to face with Marian.

"Forgive me," he said brokenly. "I tried my best to answer your appeal, but my vote was not my own. It was a trust of the people who sent me here and I could not be false to them."

"My appeal!" Marian clapped her hands softly. "You old darling, I was so afraid that you would vote for Mr. Bailey! Do you suppose I would care for a man who had been false to his trust? I knew only this morning why father sent for me. Poor old dad! It will break his heart! But, all the same, you were in the right and I was so foolishly afraid that you might be tempted."

"I was for a moment," he confessed, "when I saw how anxious you were. Then I realized that if I bought your father's consent it would be with my own self respect, and that I never could look you in the face again."

Robert Woodham came wearily from the hall. In the last hour he had aged ten years. Marian caught his arm.

"Dad, dear," she said gently, "I sent for Mr. Graves to tell him that I would marry him, no matter what you said."

"Revolt is in the very air!" cried the old man. "I guess I will have to drop out of politics when even my daughter electioneers against me."

"I didn't work against you. I just left it to Howard," explained Marian. "He stood the test."

Woodham nodded, and with an arm about the shoulders of each he led the way to the committee room. On his right was his daughter and on his left the new found son who had stood the test, and in his heart Woodham was glad that he had.

An Indian Legend.

The Huichol Indians of northwest Mexico, who have for years resisted the efforts of missionaries to work among them, have a Noah's ark legend which they accept as gospel.

The Ball Pitcher.

The average baseball pitcher's speed is sixty-one miles an hour.

African Natives' Drum Signals.

All through the continent of Africa the natives have a very perfect system of signaling with drums, by which means they rap out messages from village to village, and it is quite wonderful how swiftly and how far they are able to spread news.

The drumming is always done at night, when sound travels farther, and as one lies awake on a still clear night the ear is often gently assailed by the low, musical roll from a drum in the village near, and one waits with pleasant expectancy till the answering echo comes, muffled by distance, from a village sometimes two miles away.—Wide World Magazine.

The Preacher's Advice.

"My friends," said the itinerant preacher, "the scriptural rule for giving was one-tenth of what a man possessed. If you feel you can't afford so much, just give one sixth or a fourth, according to your means. We will dispense with the next hymn, and take up the collection."—Lippincott's.

An Easy Pill to Take.

Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of the ordinary pills. This is one reason for the popularity of these celebrated pills, but the main reason is their high tonical quality as a medicine for the stomach.

"I love you," exclaimed Lady Gwendolen Maltravers, twitteringly. "You love me," echoed Lord Chuckaluck, ruminatively.

"I love you," said she asseveratingly.

At this point we threw aside the book, disgustedly.—Kansas City Journal.

Diptheria is spread by the common house fly. Wilson's Fly Pads are the best fly killers known. Refuse unsatisfactory substitutes.

"What is the height of your ambition?"

"Don't know exactly. About five feet three, I should say at a guess."—Philadelphia Ledger.

DANGEROUS OPIATES.

Most of the liquid medicines advertised to cure stomach and bowel troubles and summer complaints contain opiates and are dangerous. When the mother gives Baby's Own Tablets to her little ones she has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. And she has the assurance that no other medicine will so speedily cure stomach and bowel troubles, if they come unexpectedly. Give the well child an occasional dose of these tablets and they will prevent sickness by clearing the stomach and bowels of offending matter. Mrs. Wilbert Bone, Carrville, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and know of no other medicine so satisfactory." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I'm coming to your office today, John."

"All right," responded the man who rents in a modern skyscraper. "Telegraph me when you leave the first floor, wife, and I'll meet you at the one hundred and sixty-sixth."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you search for any real motion?"

"I did."

"Ah. Science kin do anything these days."—London Globe.

IN PRECARIOUS CONDITION

Mrs. D. Mackay, of Winnipeg, who has been in a serious condition for for some, is much improved as a result of surgical treatment by Dr. F. W. E. Burnham.

HALLEY'S COMET.

Coming to Revisit Us After a Seventy-five Year Trip.

After an absence of seventy-five years and after visiting a region that is perhaps 50,000,000 miles more distant than the outermost planet of the solar system, Halley's comet is again approaching us, and even now is nearer to us than the planet Saturn. After Oct. 1, 1909, it will probably be visible to the naked eye.

The return of this celebrated comet—the first known to move in a closed orbit—causes it to be an object of extraordinary attention. Its brilliancy, its sensational size, the records of its returns extending back nearly 2,000 ten years. Marian caught his arm. years, the consternation once spread throughout the world by the belief that it would destroy the earth, make it the most famous comet in history.

In 1682, during the reign of Charles II., a comet appeared of extraordinary size, which they observed by Newton, Halley and other astronomers of the time. Halley followed its course among the stars and, comparing his observations with the records of previous comets, came to the conclusion that the comets of 1456, 1531 and 1607 were but different appearances of the same object. He staked his reputation on a prediction that the comet would return in about seventy-five years. True to this prediction, it did appear in 1758, when Halley had been sleeping in his grave for sixteen years. The reason that the name of Palitsch, a Saxon peasant, has been preserved to posterity is that his eye was the first to catch sight of the returning comet.—Popular Astronomy.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES
Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by druggists, or can be had by mail, price 50 cents per box. Refuse substitutes. Sold only in boxes, bearing this trade mark.

W. N. U. No. 702.

LIVINGSTONE RELICS.

Thousands See Missionary's Property at London Exhibition.

Judging by the number of visitors who crowd round Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone Wilson's court, the most popular exhibits at the Orient in the London Exhibition, held in the Royal Agricultural Hall, are the relics of the famous missionary and explorer, Dr. Livingstone, many of which are priceless by reason of the halo of romance which lies behind each article. And what lends additional interest to the exhibits is the presence of the noted Doctor's daughter, who is never tired of speaking about her father's love for exploring Africa and his desire to help the natives.

An unusually large collection has been brought together for the occasion, many articles of which have been brought home by his faithful attendants when he failed to return from his travels. His medicine boxes, with which he did so much for the natives of Africa, are also there.

"Which relic has been the most popular? Well, I think the section of the trunk of the tree under which the natives buried Dr. Livingstone's heart after his death has had the lion's share. As you will see, the trunk bears an inscription which was carved by his native followers, but as the tree showed signs of decay it was cut down by the Royal Geographical Society, and is now one of the most cherished possessions of that society.

"His diaries, of which we have seventeen, come in for an equal share of interest. Dr. Livingstone was always careful in regard to his daily records. As you will see, he used to make notes of his geographical soundings, and, in fact, everything of interest, such as curious peoples, animals, plants, and fishes, was noted in his diaries and frequently accompanied by sketches. The last entry in his diary was made on April 27th, 1873, two or three days before he died. Under the circumstances, marking, as it does, the close of a glorious career, it is of pathetic interest: 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover, sent to buy milch goats.'

"When the natives found their master in the morning on his knees, dead, they embalmed his body as best they could, and carried it amidst the greatest perils to the shore, where it was placed in a crude coffin and brought to this country on a British battleship. On arrival at these shores the coffin was substituted for a more elaborate one, and the body buried in Westminster Abbey, where his heart still lies in the centre of Africa. The shell in which he was brought home is still preserved by the Royal Geographical Society, and, draped by a Union Jack, is in the Relics Court at the Orient in London.

"Among the other relics of interest are the boxes which were brought home by Stanley, one of which still bears grease spots from the candles made by Livingstone; the model of the hut built by the natives for the doctor to die in, and a piece of bark in which his body was wrapped; a map of Central Africa designed by himself, and his sextant and rulers, watch, boat compass, field-glasses, surgical instruments; two spears that were thrown at him by warlike tribes, and two four-barrelled revolvers which he used for procuring food and protection. It is surely a remarkable testimony to Livingstone's influence among the natives when we realize that, in the face of many temptations throughout their nine months' journey, they safely brought the body to the coast, and handed all his belongings over to his friends."

Romance of a Diamond King.

The well-known South African mine-owner and millionaire, Mr. Joseph Benjamin Robinson, who is included in the list of new baronets, owes his wealth partly to chance and partly to his capacity for seizing opportunities. Forty years ago he was a sharp youth of nineteen, engaged in rearing horses, cattle, and sheep. Then came the discovery of diamond diggings on the Vaal River, and he was quick to try his 'prentice hand in diamond dealing at the fields. When the Kimberley mines were discovered three years later he was already looked upon as a capitalist. Then Transvaal gold began to be talked about, the first ore being brought down from Witwatersrand and panned at Potchefstroom in 1886. The next day—a Sunday—Mr. Robinson was off by coach. So, too, were others, but they went on to Barberton—or "De Kaap"—which was then booming. Fortune tempted Mr. Robinson to alight at Potchefstroom, and proceed by cart to Witwatersrand, where three days later he bought the Langlaagte estate, the mine which is now the largest gold producer in the world. For the last ten years Mr. Robinson has resided mostly in England, his mansion in Park Lane—Dudley House—being one of the most magnificent in London.

Chinese In Jamaica.

During the last three years 1,100 Chinamen have come to Jamaica. When, three years ago, this immigration first commenced, the Chinese came in batches of twenty and thirty, whereas they are now coming in batches of ninety and one hundred. In other words, the number of the immigrants has been rapidly and steadily increasing; the first to come to spy out the fatness of the land, and the others have followed to reap it.—Daily Gleaner, Jamaica.

King Edward's Lucky Number.

The King's lucky number is nine. Both his parents were born in 1819, he was born on a 9th; his marriage took place in the year '63, which numbers added the one to the other make nine; his reign commenced in 1901, he was to have been crowned on the 27th, which figures added together make nine, and he was actually crowned on the 9th of August.

Improving the Native Plum.

There is no native fruit that gives greater promise of usefulness, in western Canada, than the native plum. Some of the wild plums are well worthy of cultivation even as they are. With cultivation and improvement, it is almost certain that some splendid varities of our native plum will be produced in time. The plums now grown in the milder portions of eastern Canada and British Columbia have been originated by a long process of cultivation from wild European species that is scarcely equal to the wild plums of Manitoba. This will indicate what may be accomplished by the improvement of our native species. These plums of European origin are not at all suited to the prairie regions of Canada. Even the plums grown in Minnesota are of little value here. At best, only two or three of the very earliest of the Minnesota plums will ripen regularly here. These Minnesota plums have been originated from northern varieties found in northern Iowa and the bordering portion of Minnesota. In order to encourage the improvement of the native plum, the Buchanan Nursery Co., of St. Charles, Manitoba, is offering a prize of $5 for the best sample of wild plums of this season's growth. Anyone wishing to compete for the prize should send a sample of the plums by mail to the nursery company, at St. Charles, Man., marking the package so the name and address will be known. This is all that is necessary to enter fruit should not be sent in tin boxes; wood or cardboard should be used. Perfumed boxes, such as soap boxes, should not be used, as these will destroy the flavor of the fruit.

The Bowels Must Act Healthily.—In most ailments the first care of the medical man is to see that the bowels are open and fully performing their functions. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded that certain ingredients in them act on the bowels solely and they are the very best medicine available to produce healthy action of the bowels. Indeed, there is no other specific so serviceable in keeping the digestive organs in healthful action.

Kloseman—Well, of all things! The idea of his accusing me of making a lie out of the whole cloth—

Pepprey—Yes, the idea!

Kloseman—Ridiculous, isn't it?

Pepprey—Oh! very. Evidently he doesn't know how economical you are. —Philadelphia Press.

A popular idea used to prevail that all teas were pretty much alike, but "Salada" Tea is proving a pleasant surprise to thousands of particular tea-drinkers. Sold by grocers everywhere. 59

"Can you be trusted with a secret?" he asked. The woman drew herself up proudly.

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you?" she replied.

"Yes."

"Then you know how old I am?"—Washington Herald.

Three Packets of Wilson's Fly Pads cost twenty-five cents, and will kill more flies than twenty-five dollars' worth of sticky paper.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for throwing that brick at you.

The Patient—Mebbee yer riv'rence wud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well, and then pray for Casey.—Sloper's

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

PARIS AND LONDON.

Contrasts In People and Manners Is the Two Great Capitals.

In the streets French traffic all goes to the right; London coachmen drive always to the left. Parisians live together in large houses like barracks; Londoners have one family in a house. The Londoner has a hatchkey, the Frenchman a concierge.

Paris has its cafes, London its clubs. Parisian beds are up in an alcove in the wall; Londoners sleep in the middle of the room. Londoners take three or four meals a day, Parisians two.

Paris dines, London eats. Paris loaves are long, London loaves are square. Paris drinks wine, London beer. Paris takes coffee, London tea.

Frenchmen while dining talk to their neighbor and enjoy each other's society; Britons sit alone at table and don't say a word to enjoy their food.

London workmen work in their ordinary clothes, call each other "mate," smoke clay pipes and punch each other's heads occasionally; Parisian workmen do their business in blouses, call their friends "citizen" or "sir," smoke cigarettes and kiss each other on each other and do their fighting with their feet.—London Tit-Bits.

The Occasion For It.

"He says he never prayed in all his life."

"What a monotonous existence! Apparently he has never been in a tight place."—Catholic Standard and Times.

To Awaken the Liver

Coated Tongue, aching head, biliousness, indigestion, constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels, feelings of depression and ill-temper. These arise from sluggish, torpid action of the liver.

Relief comes after the use of one of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and cure with a few weeks after the use of this great regulator of the liver.

With the liver right there is usually no disturbance of the digestive system or bowels. Therefore get at the cause of trouble by awakening the liver to action by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mrs. L. Phillips, Virgil, Ont., writes:—"I have used a number of boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and consider them excellent for torpid liver."

25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Tragedy of a Name.

A Mr. Nosmo King was questioned about the oddity of his Christian name.

"It was this way," he said. "My mother made a point of giving all of her children unusual names. I was three months old before she found one for me that she liked. One day, while out shopping, she saw on one-half of a swinging door the word 'Nosmo,' while the other half bore 'King,' her own name."

"'Nosmo King,' she noted mentally, not perceiving that the letters spelled 'no smoking,' when the doors were closed; hence my lifelong affliction."—Harper's Weekly.

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, the outdoor laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it has no equal. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and those taken on a journey.

Merchant—I'll give you a position as clerk to start with and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?

Applicant—Oh, perfectly; but—er—do you think that the firm can afford it?—Illustrated Bits.

House flies spread contagious diseases such as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, smallpox and consumption. Wilson's Fly Pads will kill the flies and the disease germs too.

They Own the Soft Impeachment.

In an address to the Canadian club in Montreal, Mr. James Bryce said: "I do not think it would be advisable for me to say much, for I have the good fortune to be a Scotchman myself. I won't pursue the theme of what contributions Scotchmen should be able to make to Canada's literature and science, for the very simple reason which was given by a friend of mine, who said, 'I never argue with Scotsmen that they are a great nation—they admit it.'"

Cost of Courtesy.

The adage "Courtesy costs nothing" would if true offer sufficient reason to insure its observance by practically every member of the commercial community, it being fairly obvious to most of us that courtesy is an excellent lubricant for the machinery in business. To be always courteous in business, however, requires a very considerable expenditure of mental effort, which very few of us are capable of sustaining at all times.—Magazine of Commerce.

Bismarck's Love of Nature.

Speaking of the country and the long walks he took daily, Bismarck said he loved nature, but the amount of life he saw awed him, and it took a great deal of faith to believe that no "all seeing eye" could notice every living atom when one realized what it meant. "Have you ever sat on the grass and examined it closely? There is enough life in one square yard to appall you," he said.—Lady Randolph Churchill.

Proud.

"So you enjoy seeing your boy play football."

"I should say I do," answered Farmer Corntossel. "It makes me right proud to see him out there an' realize that he is the young feller I was once able to whip."—Washington Star.

Actions are the raiment of the mind.—Herodotus.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Here's a Real Summer Delight—

SHREDDED WHEAT

with milk or cream and fresh fruits. Discard heavy foods and try this NATURAL diet for a time and note how your energies will increase and your spirits revive.

NOURISHING WITHOUT BEING HEATING

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS. 1056

Novelties for Early Fall

ALMOST the first fall problem to bother the home-dressmaker is that of a wrap which will do duty with such of her summer raiment as can be worn during September and October. Veiling and silk gowns of all sort are suitable for early fall wear unless their owners live in a section of the country where summer sweeps directly into winter.

Before giving any thought to purchasing a ready-made coat of tailored design for general fall wear, study your between-season frocks. They must govern the choice of outer garment.

Perhaps you have a very good shirt-waist suit, made last spring, in panama, mohair or checked voile, showing the very good combination of green and blue skillfully mingled. You expected to wear that costume a great deal when on your vacation, but the resort selected proved anything but cool, and you lived in linens and lawns. Therefore you have at your service, for which you may be profoundly grateful, a neat between-season shirt-waist suit for business, shopping, marketing and emergency wear of all kinds.

Now as to the jacket. As the suit is checked, you must have a plain cloth in the jacket, and one whose coloring will not offend by too pronounced a contrast. If you can match the blue in the check exactly, I would suggest dark blue, in broadcloth, finished with stitching and very plain buttons. Do not attempt to make a tailored jacket of plain blue mohair, panama or veiling. They seldom set well as the severe tailored style demand a firmer weave of cloth. If you do not find a desirable matching blue, then select that dependable shade, tan or mode, in English cloth, whipcord, etc., finishing with stitching and very plain buttons. A coat to be worn with a checked or striped suit must be very plain, with no braid or velvet or silk trimmings.

A very smart design for a tailored fall jacket is shown in Figure A. It is known as the Prince Charming coat and is well suited to either the stout or slender figure. Its novelties are the very long opening in the front with narrow lapels to assist the woman of stout figure, and the three natty little pockets which may be "really, truly" pockets or just simulated with flaps.

Or perhaps you have a pongee or rough silk costume that has seen little service. It may be one of those pretty combinations of plain and polka-dotted silk, in which case you can utilize it for dressy fall wear by adding a natty little coat. If your sleeves are very elaborate, a combination of silk, net and lace, try one of the new sleveless jackets which you can wear until really sharp weather sets in. These are sometimes called coatees and have been worn quite a little during the summer.

Figure B shows a very satisfactory design which you can elaborate according to your needs and your purse. This requires 2¾ yards of material in silk, width 19 or 20 inches, and if you are using pongee in the thirty-inch width, two yards will be ample. The coatee pictured is semi-fitting, without side-pieces. A strap at the waistline conceals the front and back. The shoulder seams are long, giving just a suggestion of the over-sleeve effect.

If your frock is a dotted, striped or figured pongee, use plain pongee in the same shade for this coatee. Edge it with a flat braid in the same shade, showing a lace pattern, or you can employ a Persian band in soft, harmonious colors. Another effective finish is lace banding or galloon, dyed to match the silk. Sometimes these coatees are braided quite elaborately, and for very dressy wear, say with a fine voile of delicate coloring, you can make it of heavy lace, on a matching silk foundation.

A beautiful combination recently seen in a smart shop showed an elaborate gown of sage-green voile, trimmed with embroidery of green, delicate blue and white, with which was shown a coatee of ecru guimpure lace. The upper sleeves of the costume beneath the coatee were of the sage green voile, embroidered heavily above the elbow and beneath this fell a flouncing of embroidered ecru net, and the half-sleeves of mousquetaire design were of shirred net.

A cross between caps and jacket is shown in Figure C, which will furnish you with a very neat little wrap to wear in combination with a figured foulard or novelty veiling. It could be developed in the fabric of the gown, but better effects are secured if a contrasting silk is used, particularly a soft, lustrous silk, braided and finished with tassels. They are also made of heavy lace, overlaying silk.

In Figure D you will find the very best cutaway model to be worked out in plain black satin, which will be much worn for semi-tailored jackets this fall. You see them with gowns of striped or dotted silk, plain, striped, checked or figured veilings, and with plain black veilings. For this design, use a heavy black satin, lined with white. The collar and turn-back cuffs are braided with black silk soutache, or if you want a more striking effect, use black and white striped satin or white satin braided with black for these accessories. If your coat is all black, including the frogs, then use black braid on the coat and for the natty tie which finishes the jacket at the throat. If you want the black and white combination, then introduce it in collar, cuffs and tie. But this should be attempted only when the jacket is to be worn with an all-black costume. When it is to be worn with striped or figured effects, by all means keep the coat solid black.

It will be noted that in this design the collar does not meet in the front, but leaves a space of about three inches open. The collar is held in place by the tie, which is slipped, one end through a strap on the other, giving a modified four-in-hand effect. A lace jabot or bow is then worn as a finish on the blouse beneath.

The craze for waist coats seems to be waning, and the fad for cretonne trimmings will be absolutely dead by fall. The smartest vest effects for early fall will be in self-tone material, heavily braided. The exception is the real Louis coat of fine material, when the vest may be of embroidery, brocade, jewelled, by braid or embroidery.

Mary Dean

FIG. C—ONE-PIECE JACKET IN MESSALINE BRAIDED WITH SOUTACHE.

FIG. A—PRINCE CHARMING COAT IN TAN COLORED WHIP CORD.

Etiquette on Shipboard

A FAMOUS old wit once wrote the directions for making a successful Welsh Rarebit. He began by saying, "First catch the rabbit;" and so I say to you, when going on board a boat—first get a chaperon. There is no other place of amusement where it is quite so imperative that young men and girls should not be by themselves. Indeed, a man who owns a yacht, cat boat or yawl of any size, will always suggest a party of more than two, and the third person must be a married woman.

The owner of the boat sends a row boat or gig to the shore to meet the guests, and when they get aboard the yacht, he makes quite sure that the chaperon is not neglected, nor pushed aside in some obscure corner of the boat. She also has the seat of honor at the table. Here is a place where the man is host, and he performs all the duties that a woman would as hostess in her home. He it is who suggests cooling drinks, luncheon, fixes comfortable seats for his guests, and offers other such bits of service as he can render. The women aboard are his guests, and await his suggestions.

If the party is to be of only a few hours' duration—such as to view some races—then no baggage is taken along, except in the form of extra wraps for personal comfort. The proper dress for shipboard does not consist of "Peek-abo" lingerie dresses, nor elaborate foulard silks. White or colored linen suits, blue serge skirts and smart shirt waists, white duck skirts, etc., are raiment in which a girl should appear when on such a trip.

Many men are very particular about the deck of their boats being scratched by the heavy nails in boots, and in such cases you can have rubber heels put on your shoes, or wear canvas boots with rubber soles and no heels on them. This request is seldom made, however, except in cases of extremely handsome boats.

On longer trips, where the week-end is to be spent in cruising from one harbor to another, a suit case of clothing can be taken along. If you are to go on shore to some entertainment, then an evening gown should be taken for this purpose. Your host will always tell you whether you are going to land or stay on board all of the time. But this fancy dress is not to be worn on the ship. Yachting is a very informal sport.

Let the girl who usually spends an hour or more in the bathroom at home, remember that she must hurry on board a ship—and not impose on the good nature of others. Let her do her fussing in her own stateroom, and waste no time over her bath.

A man should be extremely careful in forming a party to meet on his boat, and get very congenial people together. On land, where disagreeable conversations are started, a girl can easily walk away, but on board a boat she is not so privileged. And the guests who do meet in the small confines of shipboard, should all bend every energy to be agreeable. If you are the sort of girl that hates crowds, and like to sit alone with one man, then decline all invitations to yacht parties.

A girl spent three days on a yachting party, and a few days after she returned, her host received a set of silver for his bureau engraved with the ship's flag. You cannot imagine a man more embarrassed than he was. If you have been on a short cruise, and your host has been a most charming one, and you feel that you want to send him some remembrance of the trip, why do so by all means. But, if you value your standing with the man, make the gift some trifle—not a set of silver. A man who owns a yacht is always glad of fresh pillows for his chairs and couches. A "housewife" is another practical gift which the average girl can make, a pretty pin cushion, or some little trinket of this sort that can be used about the ship. Send this along with a little note, saying you had a lovely time.

The chaperon on board ship never retires until all the girls have said good night to the men and gone to their various staterooms. The men are privileged to sit on the deck, smoke and talk all night if they choose, but the girls should retire at a reasonable hour, and should rise in the morning in time for the hour appointed for breakfast.

There is very little chance for tipping on board a private boat. However, the steward who makes up your bed and attends to your stateroom should be given a tip after a long cruise. Of course, for a short afternoon trip, or one lasting a day, no tips are necessary. On long cruises where the steward has been called upon to attend to a sea-sick guest, or been asked to confer other personal attentions, he should be given a dollar bill at least.

Prudence Standish

FIG. D—BLACK SATIN CUTAWAY JACKET.

Midsummer Luncheons

THE hostess who earnestly desires to score a brilliant success in giving a midsummer luncheon will feature ice-cold courses, and avoid, as far as possible, any hot dishes. The claim is often made that such a luncheon is without nourishment, but this is not true, especially if you start it with iced bouillon or an aspic dish. Aspic is a clear stock made from chicken, veal or game, skimmed and cooked down until it jellies, or thickened with gelatin, allowing precisely the same proportion of stock and gelatin that you would of wine and water for a wine jelly. Aspic dishes should be garnished very beautifully and molded in fancy forms.

Chicken in Aspic.—Weigh out ten ounces of white meat of chicken, which has been well cooked. Pass this through a grinder, or mince very fine. Make a stiff sauce with the broth of the chicken and a little cream—enough to make half a coffee cup. Season this with salt pepper and nutmeg, and mix with it very thoroughly the minced chicken. Have ready half a cup of aspic jelly, warmed and melted, and half a cup of cream whipped stiff. Beat this together thoroughly and pour into individual molds. Now, fill a border mold, the size of your platter, with melted aspic, and let both the individual molds and the border harden on ice. When ready to serve turn the individual molds out on the platter, then the border around them, and garnish with parsley or cress. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Egg in Aspic.—In a large saucepan, three-quarters full of boiling water, pour two tablespoons of vinegar and a small tablespoon of salt. Into this drop very carefully six fresh eggs. Poach these three minutes, remove carefully with a skimmer, and lay them in ice water for five minutes. When chilled, remove them, trim them neatly in circular or square shapes, and arrange on a clean cloth to dry. Melt half a cup of aspic jelly, place the eggs each in a strong paper case, such as you use for creamed fish, entrees, etc., cover each one with jelly, and place in the ice box until the jelly is set. Serve individually on a leaf of lettuce heart with mayonnaise on the side.

Romaine Salad with Cheese.—An excellent accompaniment for cold meat or an aspic dish. Select the crisp leaves only from a head of romaine lettuce. Dip these into a French dressing, then cover with thin slices of skinned tomatoes, which have also been dipped in the French dressing. On top of the tomato lay thin slices of Swiss or Port du Salut cheese, which have been spread lightly with French mustard. At the side of each plate, lay two tiny bread and butter sandwiches, made of rye bread cut very thin.

Pineapple Ice.—An inexpensive frozen dessert. Grate a fresh ripe pine apple into a large earthen bowl, stir into it the strained juice of one lemon and a syrup made from two cups of water boiled with one cup of sugar and a tablespoon of gelatin which has been soaked for an hour or more in cold water. When the mixture is cool, turn into the freezer, freeze firmly, serve in glasses with a maraschino cherry on top of each, and small cakes like lady fingers or macaroons.

Smart Stationery

IN these days of fads and fancies a girl is known by her stationery almost as well as by her given name. Many fashionable girls select a certain color and type of writing paper and never vary it for years and years, and the idea is a good one. It stamps a girl as having notes should have the writer's monogram on it. Some girls still cling to the three initials—others have their christian names printed out in full, such as "Elinor," "Muriel," etc.—while still others prefer to have the address of their home in place of either initials or name. Whatever the inscription, it should be stamped in gilt, silver or colored letters of a dull tone. Bright red monograms on white paper are never seen.

For the girl in mourning will be found a black bordered paper in four widths. The heaviest, or No. 1 border, is used for deep mourning, the border growing narrower as the girl lightens her mourning, and just before she goes into colors she uses a pure white paper with what is known as the Italian border—the tiniest little black line possible all around the paper.

The young girl graduate who writes reams and reams to all the girls in her class will find money in her pocket by investing in a pound or more of what is called "Foreign Note Paper." This is extremely thin, and the envelopes which match it are lined, so that the writing on the letter itself will not show through to enlighten the inquisitive eyes of the local postmistress.

FIG. B—SLEEVELESS JACKET OF CUTAWAY IN PONGEE SILK TRIMMED WITH NOVELTY BRAID.

The Taber Furniture Co.

Complete House Furnishers

Values in
CARPETS, LINOLEUMS,
BLANKETS, COMFORTERS,
And all kinds of BEDDING

PICTURES AND MOULDINGS

Wall Paper,

Town of Taber

Voters' List, 1908

Notice is hereby given that the Voters' List for the year 1908 has been prepared and is OPEN FOR INSPECTION in the Town Clerk's Office (Main Street).

All persons having the necessary qualifications are requested to examine the list, and if their names have been omitted to make a formal application to the Council to have their names added thereto.

GEO. C. MILLAR,
Sec'y-Treasurer.

Sept. 1st, 1908.

NOTICE

MUNICIPALITY OF TABER

Public notice is hereby given that a Meeting of the Electors of the Municipality aforesaid will be held in the Council Chamber on the 12th day of October, 1908, from ten of the clock until noon of the said day, for the purpose of nominating one Candidate for the Office of Councillor for the said Municipality for the unexpired term of the late Councillor Barton.

Dated under my hand at Taber this 8th day of October, 1908.

(Signed) GEO. C. MILLAR,
Returning Officer.

TABER LANDS FOR SALE

Known as the C.Y. Ranch Lands

I will sell any of the following quarter or half-sections as stated below for the price of $12.50 per acre; $4.50 an acre cash, $1.50 per acre say January, 1909, and $1.00 per acre each year thereafter until paid for, with interest at 6% per annum:—

	Section	Township	Range	West of
West ½	19	11	17	4
West ½	20	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	19	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	20	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	20	11	17	4
North West ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	19	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	21	11	17	4
North West ¼ ...	16	11	17	4
East ½	18	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	16	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	16	11	17	4
West ½	30	11	17	4
East ½	30	11	17	4
South East ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	5	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	22	11	17	4
South West ¼ ...	22	11	17	4
North East ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
North West ¼ ...	7	11	17	4
North ½	10	11	17	4

J. J. WHITE,
38, Northumberland Street,
GUELPH, ONT.

Alberta Fair Dates

Innisfail, Oct. 8-9.
Innisfree, Oct. 8-9.
Viking, Oct. 13-14.
Manville, Oct. 14.
Priddis, Oct. 16.

R. A. VanOrman
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER,
All work guaranteed in every way. Estimates given on all classes of buildings.

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription $1.50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Bellwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908

Notes and Comments

The few cloudy, cold days during the equinoxial storms have passed and again this is sunny Alberta.

×

Now that the machinists strike on the C.P.R. is ended it should not be long before cars should be more plentiful.

×

People clamoring for coal, miners clamoring for work and mine operators clamoring for cars is not a very desirable state of affairs. It is up to the C.P.R. to provide the cars and it might be well for the railway commission to see that that the independent coal operators get their share along with the C.P.R.

×

A coal famine seems to be threatening in the North-Western States. Statistics gathered by railway men in regard to the amount of coal that has gone forward into the country and the amount on hand available to be sent out show that the situation will likely be as serious as during the winter of 1906-7. The figures show that considerably less than half of the coal has gone forward that would be necessary to take care of a cold winter demand for this commodity. Many towns have less than fifteen per cent. of the amount that would be necessary to meet even the demand that will be created with the first indication of cold weather. Coal men and railroad men have been working to the end of getting as much coal into the country as possible, but it has been a dismal failure.

×

A movement is on foot to try to secure one of the Victorian Order of Nurses for the town of Taber. The care of the sick is one of the questions in which all are interested, and no doubt the council will readily back up the securing of a trained nurse. A hospital is what is needed here. Taber has had to send quite a large list of patients to Lethbridge during the past year for operations that could just as well have been conducted here had we a hospital. The performing of an operation in an ordinary residence is attended at all times with a very great degree of danger, as the rooms are not suited for it, and the least particle of dust might cause the loss of a life. By all means let us secure the nurse and then put our shoulders to the wheel and get a Victorian hospital. The Free Press has talked the hospital before and we will have more to say in a subsequent issue.

×

A nomination meeting will be held on Monday forenoon, Oct. 12, between 10 and 12 o'clock, to receive nominations of candidates to fill the vacancy in the council caused by the death of John Barton. As the term is but a short one between now and the general election there should be no need of going to the expense of holding an election now. We understand Mr. W. E. Bullock has been approached by quite a number and that he has consented to be nominated on condition that there is no election. If there is to be an election he will withdraw. W. E. Bullock is a large property owner, a successful business man and a man who goes thoroughly into everything he undertakes, therefore we believe he would be the right stamp of man to have on the council. From what we can learn his candidature is most popular. At all events there is no need of an election to fill this vacancy now. The town can put the money to much better use.

Long Distance Printing

Will be Next Advance Step

Hans Kundsen Says Linotype Machine in New York Can Be Worked From London

London, Oct. 3.—Hans Kundsen, a Danish inventor, claims to be able to work a linotype machine by wireless telegraphy from any distance over which the wireless can be operated.

He gave an exhibition of his invention at the Hotel Cecil, using a typewriter because it was more convenient. On his pressing a lever on the transmitter in one room the corresponding lever was depressed on the corresponding letter of the typewriter in another room.

He declares that it is possible to operate a linotype in New York from London, thus effecting a great saving of time and labor.

Jones—Hagarty

St. George's Church, Toronto, was the scene of a large and fashionable wedding at half-past two o'clock on Sept. 30, 1908, when the marriage was solemnized of Miss Mary Kathleen Hagarty, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hagarty of Walmer Road, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Hagarty, Chief Justice of Ontario, and Mr. B. Morton Jones of Lethbridge, Alta., son of the Rev. Septimus Jones.

The service, which was fully choral, was taken by the rector, the Rev. Canon Cayley, assisted by the Rev. Canon Webb of Calgary. Mr. Phillips presided at the organ. The altar and the chancel rail were profusely decorated with white flowers and palms, and the guest pews were tied with white satin ribbon.

The bride, who was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. W. Hagarty, was attired in a princess gown of rich white liberty satin with duchesse lace on the body and sleeves. Her long tulle veil was crowned with orange blossoms and she carried a bridal bouquet of lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Annie Hagarty, sister of the bride; Miss Dorothy Gates of Hamilton, Miss Helen Cornish and Miss Cecil VanSittart. They were dressed alike in pale blue satin empire gowns and blue satin hats with tulle and satin bows, and carried bouquets of deep red Richmond roses. Mr. Jno. M. Jellett was best man and the ushers were Mr. Grant Neal, Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. W. Assheton Smith, Dr. Score and Dr. McLaren of Hamilton.

A reception was afterwards held at the family residence of Mrs. Hagarty, who was wearing white with an overdress of black lace and a black hat. Congratulations were showered upon the newly-married pair in the flower-decked drawing-room. After the usual toasts and speeches the bride changed her bridal attire for a travelling dress of blue silk eolienne and drove away with her husband for a short wedding trip before leaving for their new home in Lethbridge.

Church Services

Knox Church—Morning service at 11 a.m., followed by Sunday School and Bible Class. Evening service, 7.30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Sunday school at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m.——Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

St. Theodore Church.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m.; Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month

Miner Killed at Michel, B.C.

HEAVY TIMBER FELL AND STRUCK HIM ON THE HEAD

Michel, B.C., Oct. 6.—Another fatal accident occurred at the mines here early this morning, claiming as its victim a Slavonian miner by the name of Mike Halke, about forty years of age. A loaded bump car while crossing the tipple jumped the track, drashing into the side of the building, demolishing a large portion of the wall. A heavy timber was knocked out and, falling to the ground, struck Mike, who was working underneath, on the head, rendering him unconscious. He was taken to the Cottage Hospital, where he succumbed to his injuries about one o'clock.—Herald.

An Effective Coyote Trap

Mr. A. S. Dickens, Alberta, writes us a description of a coyote or wolf trap which he has found effective in capturing these animals. The trap is constructed as follows: Cut first about seventy straight poles, six or eight inches through at the top and sixteen feet long. Any kind of timber will do, spruce or poplar, but tamarac poles are the best to use. The trap should be built forty rods or more from the house. Make it sixteen feet square. Dig a trench twenty inches or more in depth along the four sides of the square. Commence in the bottom of the trench and build a pen with the poles; build them up as you would a pole pen anywhere, but do not leave more than three inches of space between each pole. Make the walls about eight feet high and draw in the last three or four poles at the top towards the centre, drawing them in a foot or more so that the coyote cannot climb up the side of the pen and out.

Make an opening in one side four feet high and three feet wide, fit into this a shutter that will move up and down easily in well-nailed grooves. In front of the door inside build a trap six feet long and three feet wide. Have a shute run from the door to the trap in such a way that "Mr. Coyote" is obliged to pass on the trap. The trap is simply a sort of platform arrangement on the ground at the end of the shute. The inner end is raised up six inches from the floor when it is set and a small rope or cord run from the elevated end to a trigger that holds up the outer sliding down. When the animal's weight comes upon the trap the cord will pull the trigger out, the door falls and you have the coyote enclosed. Any little stick, if no larger than a lead pencil, will do for a trigger.

Now for the bait. The best kind of bait is five or six hens in a coop. Make the coop of strips good and solid and nail them not more than an inch apart. Have a floor in the coop and fasten it to the ground. Make it with a sloping roof on top so that the coyote cannot get on top and jump out. Put the hens in the coop and an old rooster along with them, and your trap is ready. You can use fœtid bait in addition to the chickens if you choose, or your prize Rocks and Orpingtons if desired; the coyote cannot get them, but you will surely get the coyote.—Farmer's Advocate.

Coleman Man Committed

Coleman, Alta., October 5.—H. Thompson, who formerly worked for Sargent who keeps a flour and feed store at Blairmore, was arrested on Saturday on a charge of robbing the safe of $250 in cash and $125 in negotiable paper. Thompson appeared before Inspector Belcher of the R.N.W.M.P. The evidence was against the accused and he was sent to Macleod to stand his trial.

No More Accidents

Safety Device Adopted Between Medicine Hat and Coleridge

The possibility of a recurrence of any such railroad catastrophe as that of July last between Dunmore and the city is to be entirely eliminated for the future. The electric staff signalling in use on the English railways and most of the large American roads is to be adopted. This system has never been known to fail; in fact failure is impossible, and there is no case on record of a collision occurring on any road where in its modern form it has been adopted.

The system is now being installed between Medicine Hat and Coleridge by W. J. Hails, assistant to Mr. H. H. Boyd, the company's electrical engineer at Winnipeg, and in the course of a few weeks' time it will be in use. Since coming up from Winnipeg a week ago Mr. Hails has been working steadily on the installation.

Briefly, the idea is to give the engineer or conductor of a train the right to be in a certain section of the line with no other engine in the section at the same time.

At a station X, for instance (which may be taken as representing Coleridge), the conductor coming west must obtain from the operator a staff which entitles him to the sole use of the section X—Y (Coleridge to Medicine Hat). At X and Y are instruments electrically connected and synchronized so that the withdrawal of a staff from either can only be effected by the joint action of the operators at X and Y, and but one staff can be out of both instruments at any one time. The operator at X presses a bell key notifying Y, who presses a key in return, making possible the release of one of the staffs which was previously firmly locked in the instrument. The instrument is put out of synchrony with instrument Y by the withdrawal of the staff, and the latter must be turned over to the operator at Y and inserted in the instrument Y before synchrony is restored and another staff can be released.

While a description of the operation in detail would take considerable time, yet as a matter of fact the removal of a staff actually takes less than five seconds and the operation of putting one in an instrument less than two seconds under ordinary conditions.

In addition to the "absolute" instrument just described it has been found necessary, where traffic is heavy, to give some tangible right for more than one train to occupy a section of the line at the same time. In fact, on the English roads as many as 300 trains are sometimes in the same section simultaneously. A "permisse" attachment is thereby introduced. In this a number of rings are provided in the place of the single staff, but an "absolute" staff must be released by the ordinary procedure before these can be obtained. The eleven rings and the steel rod on which they are held must be returned to the instrument at Y before another staff can be released at X. Each ring entitles a train to occupy the section, so that in all twelve trains may be given this permission. The whole operation is very simple in practice. The staffs are delivered by hand if the train is passing at less than 25 miles an hour. For higher speeds a special "staff-catcher" is provided on the engine tender.

The staff system has been in use on the English lines since 1848, when a purely mechanical device was employed. The electrical instrument was devised by Mr. Tyer, an English inventor of railroad appliances, and improved upon by Mr. Webb, mechanical superintendent for the London and North-Western Railway, and Mr. Thompson, the company's signalling superintendent.

The electric staff system is in use at Field, B.C., on the heavy grade.—Medicine Hat Times.

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Fresh and salt meats of all kinds
Fish in season, butter, lard and fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

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We are now making a splendid grade of clean, uniform sized NUT COAL, just the thing for domestic use. Try a load of it and you will use no other.

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Established since the flood and up-to-date ever since

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you might call it, when looking at our stock, because whatever you need we have it. For timbers, boards, shingles, laths, hardwood or veneers, visit us. We have them at correct market prices.

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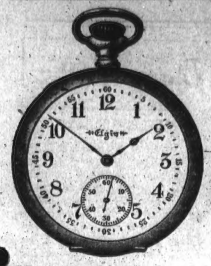

Westlake's - JEWELLRY AND STATIONERY **Store**

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1908

LOCALS

Furnished room to rent. Apply Box 276.

Leave orders for preserving fruits at the Taber Bakery. 29-tf

Mr. John Parkinson is building a new residence in the north end.

Remember the date of "East Lynne," Friday, Oct. 16th. 34-1t

Mrs. White of Medicine Hat was this week the guest of her son, Mr. J. B. White.

For sale, cheap, lots 12 to 15, block 28, Second St. South. Apply George Hook, Taber P.O. 34-1tp

Furnished rooms, with or without board. Apply to Mrs. L. J. Ritchie, south of track near Cousin's Hall. 34-3tp

A by-law for the raising of $42,000 to build a new high school for Medicine Hat was defeated by 66 to 61 votes.

The Harold Nelson company presented the "Holy City" to a good audience at the Opera House Wednesday night.

A carload of heaters, cook stoves and ranges bought at bargain prices in the East to sell at bargain prices in the West. See Shields.

Mrs. John Barton and family wish to thank their many friends for the kindness and sympathy shown them during their sad bereavement.

The sugar beet season has commenced and everywhere throughout the area given to the culture of beets everybody is busy getting them to the cars.

Mrs. Allan Forrester and children, who have been visiting Mrs. T. Bullock and Mrs. J. Truswell for some time, left for their home at Macleod this morning.

Miss Ethel Munro, teacher of piano and theory. Pupils prepared for Toronto College of Music Exams. For terms apply at the residence of Mr. H. P. Munro. 31-4t

Young lady requires sewing or plain dressmaking, or would attend lady's own home by the day or as otherwise arranged. Apply to Miss Baker, care of Mrs. J. Truswell. 33-4tp

Land buyers still keep coming. During the past season large areas have been bought up by intending settlers. Next spring will see a big change in the number of snug little homes on the prairie.

Mr. Danforth's wheat, both fall and spring, yielded 25 bushels to the acre. Both crops were grown on sod. This is pretty good considering the chance Mr. Danforth has had to get the land broken.

A concert and dance was given in the Taber Mine Library room on Monday evening. A large crowd turned out and enjoyed the excellent programme provided, which was followed by a dance. A goodly sum was netted to swell the funds in aid of the mine library.

WE WANT LAND men and owners to send us at once minute and exact descriptions of choice dry holdings at close figures and easy terms near railroad. Lethbridge or Taber preferred. No other than choice lands near railroads will be considered. M. L. Helgerson, 2541 Colfax Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. 34-4t

COUNCIL HAS A BUSY NIGHT

Canada West Given Franchise To Install Electric Lights

Monday night was an exceptionally busy night for the council. Mayor Douglas in the chair and Councillors Davis, Campbell, Hammer and Wood were present.

The principal question that came up was the agreement between the Council and the Canada West Coal Co. in reference to the company providing the town with electric light. The company was represented by their secretary, Mr. V. S. Kidd. The agreement was carefully gone into, and the company agrees to provide poles of the required size and wire the streets. The price fixed for a 16 candle power lamp is 60 cents per month, flat rate, with a discount of 10 per cent. if paid within ten days from date of bill. The rate for street lights of five amperes is $5 a month on a basis of six lights or more. The agreement is for a term of five years, after which it shall either be renewed or a new agreement made.

The resignation of the chief of the fire brigade was accepted.

The town constable was given authority to purchase a gun.

A telephone for the city hall was ordered to be installed.

The question of having the cemetery placed in proper shape was left with the Works and Property Committee.

There are a number of unpaid licenses and these were ordered to be collected forthwith.

Since the last meeting of the council one of their number, Mr. John Barton, has passed away and the council instructed the secretary to send the following resolution of condolence to Mrs. John Barton:—"Resolved that the council place on record its great appreciation of the valuable services rendered to our town by the late John Barton, and that the council extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved widow and family."

To fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Barton a nomination meeting will be held on Monday forenoon, Oct. 12th, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

The council then adjourned.

Wreck at Seven Persons

On Tuesday night a wreck took place on the C.P.R. three miles west of Seven Persons. Twelve cars laden with lumber, coal and general merchandise were ditched and completely smashed up. Some of the freight has been saved and is piled beside the track. No one was injured. The cause of the wreck is unknown. It is supposed that a broken wheel was the cause.

Traffic was interrupted for a short time. The local passenger train from Medicine Hat was held until the track was cleared and the Spokane flyer went up by Calgary. Trains were running again as usual the next afternoon.

Friday, Oct. 16th, the great emotional play, "East Lynne." 34-1t

Don't forget the date, Monday, Oct. 19th. The Agricultural Society meets at 1.30 p.m. to hear an interesting lecture by Prof. Fairfield. Other speakers may be present.

"There is now no more Woodpecker. J. F. Johnson has the town site surveyed and registered, and the name has been changed to Bountiful. Mr. Johnson purposes putting the lots on the market right away and will no doubt find a ready sale.

Mr. Osborne, who has been threshing in this vicinity and also southwest of here, reports that the best grain he has threshed this year and under the best conditions he threshed near Taber. This speaks well for the Taber district. We understand he has booked orders for the threshing of 2,000 acres of next year.

A meeting of the Agricultural Society will be held in the L.D.S. Church on Monday, Oct. 19th, 1.30 p.m., when a most interesting lecture will be given by Prof. Fairfield. We cannot give the subject of the lecture, but it will deal with matters of special interest to the farmers. Let there be a rousing turnout at this the first meeting.

The home of Mr. W. Stratton is again the scene of sadness and sorrow. His eldest daughter, Helen, 14 years of age, has had the full charge of the home and the care of several small children, the youngest of which was a baby, for nearly a year. The strain proved too much and she was taken with appendicitis. Drs. Lang & Leech had her taken to the hospital at Lethbridge on Saturday night to undergo an operation. She was in such a serious condition that she died on Monday. Her remains were brought home and on Wednesday she was interred in the cemetery here. The sincerest sympathy of all is extended to Mr. Stratton in his sad loss.

Turkeys for Thanksgiving. Apply J. F. Johnson, Bountiful. 34-2t

See Johnson Brothers in "East Lynne," Friday evening, Oct. 16th. 34-1t

The Alberta Pacific Elevator Co. have bought the Red Deer flour mills and elevator.

Mr. Foster, editor of the Medicine Hat News, gave the Free Press a call this week.

Messrs. McLelland & McIntyre have sold out their blacksmith business to H. F. Annable. Mr. McLellan and Mr. McIntyre have a half section of land each at Purple Springs, and we understand they purpose giving their attention to farming.

J. A Hawkin, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Davis, left Tuesday morning for his home at Sturgeon Falls, Ont. We understand he will close up his business there and in the near future become a resident of Taber. He will receive a cordial welcome.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of the three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 33-36

Grow's Nest Pass Railway

By the granting of a subsidy amounting to $3,630,000, the Government secured the speedy construction of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, by which one of the richest sections of the country, namely, the Kootenay district, was opened up and the trade connected therewith diverted from United States to Canadian channels. It is also provided a fine market for the agricultural produce of the northwest territories.

It was a part of the bargain made by the Government with the Canadian Pacific Railway, who built this road, that the Canadian Pacific Railway would grant substantial reductions in freight rates, incoming and outgoing to the farmers of the West. The reduction in freight rates on wheat alone in five years amounted to $3,750,000, or more than the total amount of the subsidy paid.

The Government also compelled the Canadian Pacific Railway, under the contract, to turn over to them 50,030 acres of coal lands forming one-fifth of a grant secured by the railway through another railway from the British Columbia Provincial Government. These lands are held by the Dominion Government to enable it to control the price of coal in British Columbia and prevent monopoly.

Notes on Spread of Diseases

The question is sometimes raised as to whether ice taken from contaminated streams is likely to be a carrier of the organisms producing such diseases as typhoid fever. The question comes up most frequently about this season of the year, and, in regard to the typhoid bacillus, the spread of the disease is sometimes attributed to the use of ice from such sources as this, when used in food intended for human consumption or drinking water. According to accepted authorities in the matter, however, there seems little danger of typhoid being contracted in this way, although there is some. Prof. Conn, in his work on agricultural bacteriology, relates some experiments conducted on this point in which it was shown that typhoid bacilli frozen in ice remained alive for several weeks, but eventually began to die, and by the time ice is three months' formed it contains practically no live typhoid bacilli. At the same time it is not wise to depend too much on continued freezing to get rid of disease producing bacteria. Typhoid bacilli, experiments show, will not live beyond three months in freezing temperatures, but nobody needs to be so foolhardy on that account as to harvest an ice crop from a pool or stream suspected of being contaminated with bacteria of any dangerous forms. It is best to be on the safe side and get the ice from some purer source.

Milk is a common carrier of contagious diseases. It seems subject to contamination with disease producing and other kinds of organisms right from the moment it is formed in the cow's udder until it is consumed finally either as whole milk, butter or cheese. It may become laden with bacilli right in the udder. A cow infected with tuberlocosis, in the udder especially, will produce milk containing the tubercle bacilli, and whether or not they are disease producing in man there is certainly good ground for getting on the safe side of the matter and not using milk or its products in any form from suspected animals. Milk again may become contaminated from dust and dirt falling into it from the cow's body or from the air during milking. It is extremely liable to gather in some kind of organism or several kinds when being carted about from house to house in dusty, busy streets. Or it may become infected with disease bacilli from the water used in washing the utensils in which it is held.

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The MYSTERY

By Stewart Edward White And Samuel Hopkins Adams

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To the worth of this story there are two substantial tributes—first, that it was run as a serial by the London Sphere, a publication noted for its discrimination in the selection of serials and which rarely uses an American story; second, that "The Mystery" was one of the "good sellers" of 1907. This is a story of mystery and adventure on new lines. The style is as graphic and forceful as the "copy" of a skillful reporter of an important news event. The part of the hero unfolds gradually until he stands revealed as the rarest combination of whimsical humor and cool courage ever presented, perhaps, in fiction. The narrative, which conveys the impression of reality, not fiction, is swift and alluring, holding the interest o; the reader as with hooks of steel.

CHAPTER I.

THE late afternoon sky flaunted its splendor of blue and gold like a banner over the Pacific, across whose depths the trade wind droned in measured cadence. On the ocean's wide expanse a hulk wallowed sluggishly, the forgotten relict of a once brave and sightly ship, possibly the sphinx of some untold ocean tragedy, she lay black and forbidding in the ordered procession of waves. Half a mile to the east of the derelict hovered a ship's cutter, the turn of her crew's heads speaking expectancy. As far again beyond, the United States cruiser Wolverine outlined her severe and trim silhouette against the horizon. In all the spread of wave and sky no other thing was visible. For this was one of the desert parts of the Pacific, 300 miles north of the steamship route from Yokohama to Honolulu, 500 miles from the nearest land, Gardner island, and more than 700 northwest of the Hawaiian group.

On the cruiser's quarter deck the officers lined the starboard rail. Their interest was focused on the derelict.

"Looks like a heavy job," said Ives, one of the junior lieutenants. "These floaters that lie with deck almost awash will stand more hammering than I would think."

"Wish they'd let us put some six inch shells into her," said Billy Edwards, the ensign, a wistful expression on his big, round, cheerful face. "I'd like to see what they would do."

"Nothing but waste a few hundred dollars of your Uncle Sam's money," observed Carter, the officer of the deck. "It takes placed charges inside and out for that kind of work."

"Barnett is the man for her then," said Ives. "He's no economist when it comes to getting results. There she goes!"

Without any particular haste, as it seemed to the watchers, the hulk was shouldered out of the water as by some hidden leviathan. Its outlines melted into a black, outshowering mist, and from that mist leaped a giant. Up, up, she towered, tossed whirling arms a hundred feet abranch, shivered and dissolved into a widespread cataract. The water below was lashed into fury, in the midst of which a mighty death agony beat back the troubled waves of the trade wind. Only then did the muffled double boom of the explosion reach the ears of the spectators, presently to be followed by a whispering, swift skimming wavelet that swept irresistibly across the bigger surges and lapped the ship's side, as for a message that the work was done.

Here and there in the sea a glint of silver, a patch of purple or dull red or a glistening apparition of black showed where the unintended victims of the explosion, the gay hued open sea fish of the warm waters, had succumbed to the force of the shock. Of the intended victim there was no sign save a few fragments of wood bobbing in a swirl of water.

When Barnett, the ordnance officer in charge of the destruction, returned to the ship Carter complimented him.

"Good clean job, Barnett. She was a tough customer too."

"What was she?" asked Ives.

"The Caroline Lemp, three masted schooner. Any one know about her?"

Ives turned to the ship's surgeon, Trendon, a grizzled and brief spoken veteran, who had at his fingers' tips all the lore of all the waters under the reign of the moon.

"What does the information bureau of the seven seas know about it?"

"Lost three years ago—spring of 1901—got into a field off the tip of the Aleutians. Some of the crew froze. Others got ashore. Part of survivors accounted for. Others not. Say they've turned native. Don't know myself."

"The Aleutians!" exclaimed Billy Edwards. "Great cats! What a drift! How many thousand miles would that be?"

"Not as far as many another derelict has wandered in her time, son," said Barnett.

The talk washed back and forth across the hulks of classic sea mysteries, new and old; of the City of Boston, which went down with all hands, leaving for record only a melancholy scrawl on a bit of board to meet the wondering eyes of a fisherman on the far Cornish coast; of the Great Queensland, which set out with 669 souls aboard, bound by a route unknown to a tragic end; of the Naronic, with her silent and empty lifeboats alone left, drifting about the open sea, to hint at the story of her fate; of the Huronian, which ten years later, on the same day and date and hailing from the same port as the Naronic, went out into the void, leaving no trace; of Newfoundland captains who sailed, roaring with drink, under the arches of cathedral bergs, only to be prisoned, buried and embalmed in the one icy embrace; of craft assailed by the terrible one stroke lightning clouds of the Indian ocean, found days after, stone blind, with their crews madly hauling at useless sheets, while the officers clawed the compass and shrieked; of burnings and piracies, of pest ships and slave ships and ships mad for want of water, of whelming earthquake waves and mysterious suctions, drawing irresistibly against wind and steam power upon unknown currents; of stout hulks deserted in panic, although sound and seaworthy, and of others so swiftly dragged down that there was no time for any to save himself, and of a hundred other strange, stirring and pitiful ventures such as make up the inevitable peril and incorrigible romance of the ocean. In a pause Billy Edwards said musingly:

"Well, there was the Laughing Lass."

"How did you happen to hit on her?" asked Barnett quickly.

"Why not, sir? It naturally came into my head. She was last seen somewhere about this part of the world, wasn't she?" After a moment's hesitation he added, "From something I heard ashore I judge we've a commission to keep a watch out for her as well as to destroy derelicts."

"What about the Laughing Lass?" asked McGuire, the paymaster, a New Englander, who had been in the service but a short time.

"Good Lord, don't you remember the Laughing Lass, mystery and the disappearance of Dr. Schermerborn?"

"Karl Augustus Schermerborn, the man whose experiments to identify telepathy with the Marconi wireless waves made such a furore in the papers?"

"Oh, that was only a byproduct of his mind! He was an original investigator in every line of physics and chemistry, besides most of the natural sciences," said Barnett. "The government is particularly interested in him because of his contributions to aerial photography."

"And he was lost with the Laughing Lass?"

"Nobody knows," said Edwards. "He left San Francisco two years ago on a hundred foot schooner with an assistant, a big brass bound chest and a ragamuffin crew. A newspaper man named Slade, who dropped out of the world about the same time, is supposed to have gone along too. Their schooner was last sighted about 450 miles northeast of Oahu in good shape and bound westward. That's all the record of her that there is."

"Was that Ralph Slade?" asked Barnett.

"Yes. He was a free lance writer and artist."

"I knew him well," said Barnett. "He was in our mess in the Philippine campaign on the North Dakota. War correspondent then. It's strange that I never identified him before with the Slade of the Laughing Lass."

"What was the object of the voyage?" asked Ives.

"They were supposed to be after buried treasure," said Barnett.

"I've always thought it more likely that Dr. Schermerhorn was on a scientific expedition," said Edwards. "I knew the old boy, and he wasn't the sort to care for treasure, buried or unburied."

"Every time a ship sets out from San Francisco without publishing to all the world just what her business is all the world thinks it's one of those wild goose hunts," observed Ives.

"Yes," agreed Barnett. "Flora and fauna of some unknown island would be much more in the Schermerhorn line of traffic. Not unlikely that some of the festive natives collected the unfortunate professor."

Various theories were advanced, withdrawn, refuted, defended, and the discussion carried them through the swift twilight into the darkness which had been hastened by a high spreading canopy of storm clouds. Abruptly from the crow's nest came startling news for those desolate seas: "Light, ho!" Two points on the port bow!"

The lookout had given extra voice to it. It was plainly heard throughout the ship.

The group of officers stared in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Presently Ives and Edwards, who were the keenest sighted, made out a faint, suffused radiance. At the same time came a second hail from the crow's nest.

"On deck, sir."

"Hello," responded Carter, the officer of the deck.

"There's a light here I can't make anything out of, sir."

"What's it like?"

"Sort of a queer general glow."

"General glow, indeed!" muttered Forsythe, among the group aft. "That fellow's got an imagination."

"Can't you describe it better than that?" called Carter.

"Don't make it out at all, sir. Tain't any regular and proper light. Looks like a lamp in a fog."

Among themselves the officers discussed it interestedly as it began to grow plainer.

"Not unlike the electric glow above a city seen from a distance," said Barnett as it grew plainer.

"Yes, but the nearest electric lighted city is some 800 miles away," objected Ives.

"Mirage, maybe," suggested Edwards.

"Pretty hard working mirage to cover that distance," said Ives. "Though I've seen 'em—"

"Great heavens! Look at that!" shouted Edwards.

A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up toward the zenith. Under it whirled a maelstrom of varied radiance, pale with distance, but marvelously beautiful. Forsythe passed them with a troubled face on his way below to report, as his relief went up.

A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up

"The quartermaster reports the compass behaving queerly," he said.

Three minutes later the captain was on the bridge. The great ship had swung, and they were speeding direct for the phenomenon. But within a few minutes the light had died out.

"Another sea mystery to add to our list," said Billy Edwards. "Did any one ever see a show like that before? What do you think, Doc?"

"Humph!" grunted the veteran. "New to me. Volcanic, maybe."

(To be Continued.)

HERE'S A SAD STORY.

I lately bought a summer suit.
The clerk, a person most acute,
Declared that it was stunning.
The cut was strictly up to date;
The fit, I thought, was simply great;
The cuffs were joys to contemplate;
The pocket flaps were cunning.

I went to call on Mary dear,
I said, "I certainly appear
As fine as anybody."
The finish I recall with pain.
It presently came on to rain.
I shelter sought and sought in vain.
Alas, those clothes were shoddy!

They shrunk to half their former size.
My anguish I could not disguise.
And now for that bad raiment
That looked so swagger and so smart,
Although it wrings my very heart,
For months I'll have to set apart
To make the weekly payment.
—Chicago News.

Nothing Doing.

The Boy—Gee, but dere's no pleasin' dis generation of golls. I've et a pound of dirt, wiggled me ears an' stood on me head till I'm blue in de face, an' nothin' doin'!—New York World.

The Limit.

A bridge playing set at an eastern university who usually turned night into day used to appear at morning chapel with remarkable regularity and were pointed out as an example by the authorities. An alteration was made in the time, chapel not beginning until thirty minutes later, and the dean was astounded to see that none of these men, so regular before, was present. He sent for them and asked the reason. "Well, sir," said one, "it's like this: When chapel was at half past 7 we could just manage it, but we can't keep awake till 8 o'clock."—Harper's Weekly.

A Fling at the French Army.

General Langlois, a distinguished officer of the French army, has aroused much uneasiness among his countrymen by asserting that the morale and discipline of the military forces of France are in an alarming state of degeneration. All the military enthusiasm of Napoleon's day, he remarks, has evaporated, patriotism is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and the military organization of the republic, once so removed from sordid influences, is controlled even in the minutest details by politics and politicians. Promotions, furloughs, permits to men in the lowest ranks of the army to marry, says General Langlois, are all subject to the control of civil magistrates in each prefecture, the results being complete anarchy and disorganization in the army.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Book Title Tea a Fine Way to Amuse Youngsters.

A new and pleasant birthday party for children of the school age is a book title tea. The tea is on the same plan as that of their elders, but with titles of juvenile books instead of adult works represented for guessing.

Cards which give the different book names should be prepared in advance of the occasion.

As each boy or girl arrives a ribbon on which a card is swung is hung around his or her neck, pencils and paper being distributed at the same time.

On each card is a number as well as the illustration representing the book title. When all have arrived a bell rings as a signal for the guessing to begin. Players now commence writing down the names of the books as they think them to be.

Examples of juvenile book titles pictorially represented are given below for the benefit of the entertainer who wishes to try this plan:

Picture of Mme. Recamier or any other famous beauty colored black as if in silhouette. "Black Beauty."

Sketch of a slipper or a tiny crystal slipper (one of those sold as favors for holding candy) sewed on card. "Cinderella; or, The Little Glass Slipper."

Map of Arabia and pictures of medieval chevaliers. "Arabian Nights."

A spray of American Beauties represented as fully opened. "Rose In Bloom."

Sketch of katydid followed by a question mark. "What Katy Did."

Picture of a knight in armor followed by the word Christmas. "The Night Before Christmas."

These suggestions are merely hints of what can be made a clever and amusing puzzle.

Each guest examines the cards on the other guests as well as his own, and writes his answer after the correct number on the paper. An interesting book will make an appropriate prize for the winner.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

Planned a Century Ago and In Beautiful Condition Today.

A former American minister to the court of the mikado tells of a wonderful Japanese garden, in the center of which was a little lake that had a tiny island with miniature mountains and peach trees, with pines and azalias, some of them a century old, yet which had not mounted to more than a foot in height.

Seen in its relation to other things, this island looked small, a veritable toy island, but viewed from a certain angle of the veranda, so that no external objects helped to give an idea of proportion, the island appeared to be a large piece of land perhaps half a mile away with trees, mountains and all the rest their normal size.

The gardener who contrived this island has been dead perhaps a century, but his successors in the craft have kept it up to date and every year have so contrived that when the springtime came it was in the condition to give greatest pleasure to its wealthy owner.

Water lilies, lotus plants, iris plants, moss—all these figure in these exquisite creations in which man wields the brush, but nature mixes the colors. The very last refinement of natural pleasure is to be found in the surroundings which the man of wealth has prepared for himself by his experts in the Japanese season of the buds, blossom and early flowers.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Mercerized gingham is a suitable material for making a plain dressing sack. Make it collarless and outline the opening, fronts and sleeves with a two inch fold of white or use white embroidery.

A pretty card holder is made with a large piece of heavy cardboard with the three points joined at the top to form a triangle shaped receptacle that will hold a ball of cord. Make a hole in the bottom of the box and draw the end of the cord through. Fasten the sides together with little bows of baby ribbon and tie at the top with baby ribbon.

Next to leather itself, nothing is more useful for covering shirt waist and other utility boxes than burlap. Then, too, if the color selected harmonizes with the color scheme of the room it combines beauty with usefulness. The edges of the box should be finished off with linen braid of the color of the burlap and held in place by button tacks. Both the braid and the tacks may be bought of any upholsterer or in any department of any general furnishing store. Burlap can be used with splendid effect for portieres where an inexpensive, yet attractive, material is desired.

A Business That Pays.

Women are, as a rule, most successful in decorating, and it is a matter for astonishment that comparatively few have so far gone in for this branch of money making.

There are numbers of girls with powers of discrimination who might pick up curios and antiques at a reasonable price, though, of course, even in the depths of the country the supply has been steadily declining for years.

Not alone that, but cottage owners of old china and oak have become more wary, and articles of what Mrs. Malaprop termed "antiquity and virtue" are not to be bought up for a mere song.

Still there is a good field for the woman collector. In furnishing and decorative work feminine ideas are hardly to be surpassed, and many a "house beautiful" owes its beauty to the artistic faculty of a woman.

CHILD'S IDEAL DAY.

Little One Must Rise as Soon as He Wakes.

"From his earliest years," says Edwin Collins, latter day exponent of Rousseau's theory that a child must not be taught systematically until twelve years old, "the little one must rise as soon as he wakes, though on no account must he be awakened prematurely. After a bath he must go straight out into the garden, and there, if possible, eat a substantial meal of as much wholesome food as appetite suggests. The child may then ask questions, and these should be answered. Then, as in the philosophy of the great Socrates, other subjects will suggest themselves. These must be pursued so long as there is no slackening of interest. Let me suggest a concrete example: The morning prayers may suggest Bible history. This, in turn, will open out topics of general history; then the untrained mind may wander off into geography and even hygiene. The child must play, too, as his fancy dictates. Dumbbells and systematized athletic exercises I do not recommend, except in the case of stooping or deformed children, and under the advice of a health specialist. The next variation in the child's day is to listen to the reading of poetry, if he chooses. Arithmetic and the multiplication tables he learns during his play with matches and marbles. If the child wants to eat, let him have plenty of wholesome food, and at noon or shortly afterward a full meat dinner. I am no faddist, but I disagree with giving a child tea, coffee or stimulants. At the age of ten or eleven years, however, this rule may be relaxed. A short rest, out of doors, follows the midday meal, and then, again provided the child is not unwilling, a long walk is advantageous. For tea, bread with plenty of butter is the thing. Early to bed is a motto that wants beating. Here, if anywhere, I depart from my rule of the child's consent. He must have a long rest. Nature demands it."

A GERM HATER'S FIND.

Vanity Shelf For the Up to Date Kitchen Sink.

Who but a germ hater would have thought of a vanity shelf for the kitchen sink? A certain clever housewife has one on which she keeps all the articles required to make the sink absolutely sanitary. She has a row of jars, boxes and brushes, all of which have a definite and important use in the sanitary scheme.

There is a jar of good scouring fluid, an ammonia bottle, a wide mouthed china jar in which she keeps a soft flannel cloth to use after the dishes are washed to polish the water taps. A little rubbing of this keeps them in fair condition, so that a really hard polishing is needed only once a week or so. The ammonia will remove stains on the brass, while chloride of lime mixture kills germs, keeps the enamel clean and the pipes pure.

All these little beautifiers are for the sink alone. On the other side of the vanity shelf this careful housekeeper has jars and bottles of lotions to use on her hands. On this part of the vanity shelf is a bottle of fresh toilet water to take away the smell of vegetables she has been preparing and cooking; an antiseptic powder answers the same purpose, and its drug shop odor is more pleasing sometimes than perfume. A bottle of turpentine has its place on the shelf in case of burns; scouring soap for the hands and a pot of liquid vaseline to rub on the nails and keep them from bending and breaking are important articles for the shelf.

Easily Grown Vines.

For beautifying the veranda or covering the wall of a brick or stone house with a living coat of green which will be a joy to every lover of nature there is a large variety of vines which grow with little care and are a perpetual delight.

The Boston ivy and Virginia creeper, two vines known throughout America, cling to walls without support, and so are especially useful for covering walls. The former is not as hardy as the latter, but in the middle and southern latitudes it succeeds well and forms a beautiful mass against a wall. The Virginia creeper is perfectly hardy. It will hide ugly stone fences, outbuildings and dead trees, transforming them into things of beauty.

The rapid growing Virgin's Bower vine is excellent for the veranda, giving a dense shade. It presents a snowy bank of star shaped flowers of delightful fragrance which last for several weeks. A companion variety of clematis, coccinea, has rose colored flowers which resemble half closed rosebuds at a distance. Clematic paniculate, the Japan clematis, is one of the best vines, growing rapidly and presenting a snowy mass of blossoms when in flower.

The wisteria is a good vine for a trellis, but is somewhat coarse for most verandas, being better suited for the rustic house or pergola, where its delightful purple flowers hang in graceful profusion. The Crimson Rambler rose is one of the hardiest and most satisfactory of climbers, admirably suited for the veranda.

Friendship.

If we demand from friendship what it never should mean—no other friendship, no other interests, no greater friendship than that given to us—it is a base demand, the demand of selfish jealousy. It wearies and irritates those of whom the demand is made; it turns friendship into gall, makes it vanish into empty space. Friendship, fettered in chains, breaks them and flies away. —Stafford Brooke.

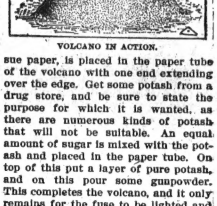
Young Folks

A LITTLE VOLCANO.

How to Perform an Interesting and Harmless Experiment.

A toy volcano that will send forth flames and ashes with lava streaming down its sides in real volcanic action can be made by any boy without any more danger than firing an ordinary firecracker. A mound of sand or earth is built up about a foot high in the shape of a volcano. Roll up a piece of heavy paper, making a tube five inches long and one and a half inches in diameter. This tube of paper is placed in the top of the mound by first setting it upon a flat sheet of paper and building up the sand or earth about the sides until it is all covered excepting the top opening. This is to keep all dampness away from the mixture to be placed within.

A fuse from a firecracker, or one made by winding some powder in tissue paper, is placed in the paper tube of the volcano with one end extending over the edge. Get some potash from a drug store, and be sure to state the purpose for which it is wanted, as there are numerous kinds of potash that will not be suitable. An equal amount of sugar is mixed with the potash and placed in the paper tube. On top of this put a layer of pure potash, and on this pour some gunpowder. This completes the volcano, and it only remains for the fuse to be lighted and action will begin with an explosion which sends fire, smoke and sparks upward. Flames will follow, and the lava pours down the sides of the mound.—Popular Mechanics.



VOLCANO IN ACTION.

STORY ABOUT THE HORSE.

Useful Animal First Domesticated by the Asians.

It is said that the horse was first tamed and used in Asia. The Egyptians and the Assyrians used him at an early date, but for a long time after he was tamed they rode him only in time of war, considering him too good for the ordinary work of burden carrying and riding. This work was done by the ass, a more plebeian animal.

After the Egyptians and the Assyrians began taming and using the horse, the practice extended to the Scythians, and it is said that when the Greeks met the Scythians in battle they were panic stricken at the sight of those warriors mounted on the unknown animals, believing horse and rider to be one creature. That is probably the origin of the centaur in Grecian mythology, half man and half horse. You have read the story, no doubt.

There were no horses in this country when white men came here, and the Indians were as much amazed to see the Spaniards riding those they brought over with them as were the Greeks when they first saw the Scythians similarly mounted. Perhaps this may surprise you, for most persons think that the wild horses of the western plains have been there always, so to speak. They have not, however, for they are all descended from the horses brought from Europe by the early settlers. It is the same with the wild horses of South America, which live in the pampas in great herds of thousands each. They all came from European stock.—Chicago News.

The Grumbling Rose.

"It is all very well," said the rosebud
That was among the window lattice leaves,
"But April is as false as he is fickle,
And there's never any knowing what he means.
He loitered just before me with a whisper
Of mischief much too cunning to detect,
But when I peeped with wonder at the garden
It wasn't what he led me to expect.
For May's a month I dread much more than you.
She prates of all the wonders of the summer,
She promises but only to betray,
And those who tell the truth about the springtime
Are never complimentary to May,
And e'en a baby rose
Can be pardoned, I suppose,
For feeling some anxiety in May."

"It is all very well," said the rosebud
As April softly sighed a fond adieu,
"But, after all, I'm sorry you must leave me,
And those who tell the truth about the springtime
And thus through all the months of happy summer
This foolish rose no cause for pleasure found,
And when the winds of autumn swept the garden
They scattered all her petals on the ground.
Oh, let me urge this on you—to remember
That no one should enlarge upon a wrong,
For those who spend their time in idle grumbling
Will find there's not a moment for a song.
And sadly they'll recall
When the autumn shadows fall
The summer that was worthy of a song

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Peruna are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies. That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Peruna is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

Strictly Fresh Eggs.

There are summer resorts, remote from any agricultural communities, where fresh farm products are even harder in obtain than in the city. It was at such a place that the new boarder, who had eaten four or five breakfasts there, began to wonder why the eggs were invariably fried.

"See here," he enquired one morning of the genial colored man who waited upon him, "why do you always fry eggs here? Don't you boil them?"

"Oh-oh, yes, sah," responded the waiter, pleasantly. "Of co'se yo' kin have 'em boiled if yo' wants 'em. But yo' know, sah, yo' takes de risk."

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

"How is prohibition working in your county?"

"It has done wonders," answered Col. Stillwell. "Not only has intemperance been reduced to a minimum, but the fear of snake-bite has almost entirely disappeared from our midst."—Washington Star

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

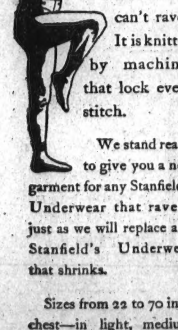
Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A lady the other day hastened to the nursery and said to her little daughter:

"Minnie what do you mean by shouting and screaming? Play quietly, like Tommy. See, he doesn't make a sound."

"Of course he doesn't," said the little girl. "That is our game. He is papa coming home late, and I am you."—Everybody's Magazine.



Unshrinkable Underwear can't ravel. It is knitted by machines that lock every stitch.

We stand ready to give you a new garment for any Stanfield's Underwear that ravels, just as we will replace any Stanfield's Underwear that shrinks.

Sizes from 22 to 70 inch chest—in light, medium and heavy winter weights.

Your dealer will likely have your size and weight. If not, he can get them for you.

134

STANFIELDS LIMITED - TRURO, N.S.

SPIES IN ENGLAND.

Foreign Military Officers Said to Be Hard at Work.

Col. Lockwood has directed the attention of the British Government to the presence of foreign military officers in this country who industriously supply their own Governments with maps and photographs of certain prominent territories in Great Britain. The ordinary English citizen has very little idea of the magnitude or activity of the foreign spies' operations. He appears in numberless disguises—from the man and woman whom our immigration authorities might be inclined to describe, judging by their sartorial appearances, as "undesirables," to the highly polished, prosperous-looking person who is eligible to share the luxury and exclusiveness of the best-appointed ballrooms in the West End of London. Whatever may be their outward appearance, all are accomplished linguists, and while the majority speak with a pronounced foreign accent, many of them have, by long residence in England and constant contact with English-speaking people, managed to shake off every trace of their foreign ancestry. Needless to say they are all well provided with money, which they are not above spending lavishly as occasion demands. It may come as more than a mere surprise to many to know that a number of those spies who reach these shores with names that outrage British euphony, become in time naturalized British subjects, with names that a British baby can easily enunciate. Perhaps if the authorities at our Home Office knew how many of those "naturalizations" have been brought about there would be less spies in England and less British subjects outside the walls of our prisons. There is a huge traffic in this naturalization business with which the authorities seem unable to cope.

A few years ago, it will be remembered, a well-known London solicitor was found trafficking in this way with disastrous results to himself. But the traffic still goes on, so that a considerable number of persons of foreign origin and with mercenary motives become enrolled as British subjects, so as to allay suspicion. One section of these spies operate among working men, ingratiating themselves particularly with those who know something of military training, discipline and methods. In the workshops they endeavor to start a discussion on barrack-room life, the value of airships in war, the latest development of the military rifle, signalling, life aboard a man-of-war, and other such topics. The man who appears to show the widest and the most intimate knowledge is singled out, and he and the spy will possibly become fast friends. At any rate, it will not be the fault of the spy if such a consummation is not effected.

Perhaps the most dangerous spy of all is the polished foreigner with a university training and an encyclopaedic knowledge of men and things. He pursues his operations in a variety of ways. One favorite way is to secure an appointment in an academy devoted to the training of young men for the army and navy. He comes with excellent credentials from the professors of his university, and being in every case a gentleman by birth as well as by education, he has very little difficulty in obtaining a "situation." Whilst he is skilful in imparting knowledge in continental and oriental languages, he is also resourceful in discussing military topics, although he carefully hides the fact that he has an intimate acquaintance with most of the military methods of Europe. His official and social position secures him an entree to the home of military officers where, by his agreeable manners, he in time becomes an honored guest, enjoying the respect and confidence of all who meet him. He receives invitations to balls, garden parties, and social receptions, gathering information as he goes along which he carefully records and passes on to his own Government.

Why the Yankee Flag Is Flown.

Considerable comment has been aroused by the action of the Niagara Navigation Co. in raising a large U. S. flag at the bow of the Cayuga when she enters Lewiston harbor. She flys a Canadian flag at her stern, but the flag hoisted at the bow is larger in size, and many loyal Canadians think that the company's desire to please our American visitors carries them too far.

The agent in charge of the company's office at the wharf laughs at the suggestion of disloyalty.

"Very few people know," said he, "that it is an international law that vessels entering any foreign port shall fly the ensign of that country at the bow. As we ply between Toronto and Lewiston, we fly the Canadian flag at the stern, which is the place of honor, and the American flag at the bow. It is a matter of international courtesy, so to speak."

"You must not forget that we draw a very great part of our patronage from the Americans," he replied. "We carry more excursions from this side, but some of our best passengers come from across the line."

The charge that the American flag is hoisted when the vessel enters Toronto harbor was denied, and the statement made that the flags are carried all the time.

Preachers Who Motor.

A striking sign of the times is reflected in the fact that the clergy of all denominations are utilizing the motor-car to aid them in reaching all the members of their scattered flocks. The fashion of motoring ministers in Great Britain, if it may be described as such, was first introduced by Gen. Booth a year or two ago. Since then he has found many imitators, among the most important being the Bishop of Worcester, who has just organized a fine fleet of motor-cars, each car being "manned" by an enthusiastic clergyman.

Horsepower.

"How many horsepower is your machine"

"It's too heavy for one horse, so I generally use two."

JEWESSES IN ENGLAND.

Are Foremost in Every Intellectual and Artistic Pursuit.

It is interesting to note that Jewish women in England have been among the foremost in every intellectual and artistic pursuit, while in domestic life they have always been recognized as pre-eminent. Many great London hostesses, many talented wives of English statesmen, are Jewesses, and in philanthropy their work is very valuable. "The Jewess of stage and literature and life," says a writer in The Lady's Realm, "has always commanded honor, esteem, admiration. Intellect she has, and esprit, and as for chic, says Zangwill, your Yiddish girl possesses it in a degree which among Christians is the birthright of a few actresses and music hall artistes—themselves probably of Semitic origin. And more than probably in the case of Madame Rachel, who began by selling oranges and singing at cafes, and ended by being feted right royally even at the Imperial Court of Russia." The fact, and also in the case of Sarah Bernhardt, for her stage brilliancy is probably due to the half that is Hebrew. Turning to Jewesses in our midst, the public does not often number among its favorites such a group of relatives as Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Hilda Hanbury (sister of the late Lily Hanbury), Miss Eileen Kerin and Nora Kerin, the last named, who studied at Paris and Queen's College, Harley street, declaring to the writer that they were all taught to act while still in the nursery, where they acted their own tiny plays. Not to mention Miss Marie Dainton and Ada Reeve, Mrs. Lewis Waller and Miss Clement Scott's sisters, are Jewesses. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Violet Vanbrugh admit a Jewish strain, though far off; Mrs. Brown-Potter is the grandchild of a Spanish Jewess. And here one may say anent the Jewess of the stage that her influence on it is wholly good, for, like Caesar's wife, a Jewess must be above reproach.

"But if one were asked to name the virtue pre-eminently which Jew and Jewess exercise in their relation toward the world, it would be philanthropy or benevolence. Montefiore and Mocatta have been and are names almost synonymous with those words, and we know what the late Mrs. Sam Lewis did with her millions, remembering even the telegraph boys, newspaper lads, and policemen at the dangerous crossing. Happily, Mrs. Bischoffsheim, grande dame of philanthropy, is still with us, though her husband, who has given an excellent street ambulance system, did not long survive their golden wedding, which they celebrated by the distribution of £10,000 to Gentile and Jewish charities."

ARISTOCRATIC NUNS.

British Peerage Has Several Fair and Noble Recluses.

The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns; Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite Order and Lady Ribbesdale, Lucie Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister to Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity, and spends her days at a convent in Hou-Kwang, which is in China, as its name indicates. Lady Cristina Bandini, daughter of our Scotch-Italian peer, Lord Newburgh, is a nun in a Florentine convent; and Lady Leopoldina Keppel in a nun of the Sacred Heart, in spite of the fact that she is sister of a Protestant peer, Lord Albemarle.

Then, Miss Mary and Miss Edith Clifford, sister of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, are both nuns, as are Miss Cicely Arundell, sister to Lord Arundell, and Miss Louie Dormer, sister to Lord Dormer. Lord Ffrench, who lives in Johannesburg, has two sisters who are nuns; three Misses Petre, sisters of Lord Petre, are nuns; Lord Herries has no fewer than four sister who live in convents; and, as for Lord Trimlestown, an Irish peer and eighteenth baron, history seems uncertain as to whether four or five of his sisters are nuns, as several of these ladies have not been raised to the rank of baron's daughters. In by-gone days there were four sisters of a one-time Lord Camoys who had taken the veil, but most of these ladies are now no more.

A Laughing Philosopher.

The Earl of Sandwich, whose greatnephew has been sponsored by the German Emperor, was once described as a "laughing philosopher." He is a man of parts, a musician, an architect, a connoisseur in art, and a great traveler. He has never married, but shows a marked liking for children, and keeps about a hundred, mostly the sons of soldiers, in a house on his estate, called St. Edward's Home. At the time of the Boer War he turned his country place, Hinchingbrooke, into a convalescent hospital for wounded officers. The humorous side of his nature is sometimes shown in curious fashion. For instance, during the bicycle craze, he used to walk about the streets of Huntingdon with a bicycle bell, which he rang incessantly in order to warn unwary pedestrians of their possible danger. For his distinguished deeds he has received from King Edward the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The State and the Crystal Palace.

A movement has been organized to obtain state aid for the Crystal Palace. The Lord Mayor has taken the matter in hand, and a public meeting is to be held to consider the project. It is stated that an initial grant of £100,000 and an annual subsidy of £12,000 would be required. The Crystal Palace, which has labored under financial difficulties for some years, is considered to be a national institution, and Lord Brassey, among others, favors a Government grant.

London on Canvas.

By permission of Archbishop Bourne, Mr. Louis Weirter, R.B.A., has converted the top of the lofty campanile of Westminster Cathedral into a sort of studio, from which he is painting an immense picture of London, measuring 20 feet by 12 feet, as seen from that lofty view-point.

No Use for Him.

"I've got you down for a couple of tickets. We're getting up a raffle for a poor man of our neigh——"

"None for me thank you. I would not know what to do with a poor man if I won him."—Philadelphia Press.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, tersely, "on my way home just now I saw the policeman who was in the kitchen with you so long last evening, and I took occasion to speak to him——"

"Oh, shure, that's all roight, ma'am. Oi'm not jealous."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Your dining room and kitchen can be kept free from flies by using Wilson's Fly Pads as directed on each package. Get the genuine Wilson's; no other fly killers compare with them.

Young Roller—I think I'll spend that money I saved up; I've been thinking of a trip to England.

His Mother—But you were to save that for a rainy day.

Young Roller—Well, I'm going to London; I'll be sure to find a rainy day there.—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Gobeo Golde and his family were doing Westminster Abbey.

Suddenly the old man gave a contemptuous laugh.

"The poets' corner!" he sneered, snatching his guide book.

"What good's a corner in poets? Gimme wheat or cotton, eh, mother?"

This is to certify that I have used Minard's Liniment in my family for years, and consider it the best liniment on the market. I have also found it excellent for horse flesh.

Signed
W. S. PINEO.

"Woodlands" Middleton, N. S.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

Postpone Vacation After Working Day and Night For a Week.

I remember the morning when we first met and he told me about it.

His step was light and springy. His color was good. His eye was bright.

"Yes," he said in answer to my inquiry, "we are getting ready to go on our vacation."

"Have you arranged"—

"I'm just doing that now; have given up the day to it."

Later I met him again.

"Not off yet?" I asked.

"Not yet. It takes a little time to adjust things. There's quite a lot to do. But," he continued brightly, "if all goes well we shall be started by the first of the week, Tuesday at the very latest."

The next day I ran across him in the bank. He apologized for running into me.

"Somewhat of a rush," he said; "have had to fix up a lot of odds and ends—get my book balanced and lay out certain schedules"—

"That's all right," I said sympathetically. "I understand. You are"—

"Getting along nicely," he muttered, with a slightly tired voice, as he rushed away.

Two days passed. Suddenly I ran across him in the postoffice. He carried a bundle of mail. He dragged one foot heavily after the other.

"Still at it?" I asked. "Still getting ready for that vacation?"

"Yes," he whispered. "Say, maybe I haven't been working like a slave!" He glanced at his watch. "Must hurry to meet my wife. She wants me to help her pick out some clothes. And me up to my ears!"

"Haven't got things fixed yet?"

"No, no! But I hope to by Monday. Been working every night for a week. But maybe we won't have a good time when we get off! The thought of it is all that keeps me alive."

He shuffled away. Could this decrepit creature be the sprightly one of a week ago? Days passed. A week later I met him again. He looked better. He was walking slow.

"Hello!" I cried. "I thought you were going on that vacation."

"I was, but"—

"You don't mean to say that you gave it up?"

He nodded.

"I had to," he replied. "The doctor said that in my condition it wasn't safe to get far away from home."—Tom Masson in Puck.

Black Watch Remarkable for richness and pleasing flavor. The big black plug chewing tobacco. 2267

TWO VERSIONS.

Story of the Climb as Told by the Tourist and the Guide.

"He was touring the Bernese Oberland. At the Bear hotel in Grindewald a mountaineer sat in the hall, a glass of beer before him and his feet, in their hobnailed mountain boots, extended toward the fire. The mountaineer had just made an ascent of the Tiger, and he talked like this about it:

"'Well, well, well, a climb indeed—four hours of incessant step cutting with an ax on an ice slope as smooth as glass and as steep as a wall. Look at this bunch of edelweiss. I spied it on the edge of a dreadful precipice. My guide refused to let me pluck it; said it was madness. For his part, he would not risk his life so foolishly. But at last, what with eloquence and an offer of 200 francs, I persuaded him to come along. The advance was awful. One misstep meant death. But I secured the flower, when suddenly the guide's foot slipped, he fell and began to roll toward the edge. But I thrust my ax firmly into the ice and, bracing myself, seized the rope that bound us together, and—the man was saved.'

"And at the same time in the hotel kitchen the guide was giving another version of the ascent in words like these:

"'Well, well, what a customer! Another like that chap and I give up the business. From the start he was faint and dizzy. In fact, wherever any real climbing began we had to carry him like a sack of meal. And mean! Refused us a single penny extra for all our extra trouble. Last of all, he begged for the sprig of edelweiss I wore in my hat, and I was fool enough to let him have it.'"

FISHES' FACES.

The Fascination They Have For One Lover of Nature.

Did you ever stop to examine the expression on the face of a fish? I do not mean of some notoriously grotesque fish, but of just any plain seafaring fish. I confess that the fascination for me is the same whether I stand in front of some great collection of little monstrosities like that in the Naples aquarium or whether I sit by my dining room window and contemplate the goldfish in my little boy's glass bowl. People watch the monkeys at the zoo and remark how human they are, how sly and crafty the old ones, how cute and playful the young ones. But for steady company give me the fish. How restful they are with their mouthings, as regular as if they were governed by a balance wheel. How quiet, too, for not one word of murmured protest or of chattering fault finding do they inflict upon us! How philosophical as they bank in the still, living clay or seek the occasional shade of the modest sprig of greens which forms the conventional garnishing of their watery abode! How easily gratified are their simple tastes! Surely with their good manners, their quiet deportment and their stolid bearing goldfish are the ideal companions of the mature man. Monkeys and dogs and kittens may amuse the children by their tricks and antics, but only the grown man can appreciate the solid qualities of the fish's character as written upon his features.

Hairs in the Watch.

"Well, sir, I had to send my watch downtown to have it cleaned out again," said an east side barber the other day. "I have to send my watch to the repair shop about once a month, and there is absolutely nothing the matter with it, except that it is full of hairs. I do not understand how the hairs can get into the works and behind the hands and mix up in the mainspring and every place as they do in my timepiece. I watched myself one month as closely as I could, and I swear I never opened the back of it. Yet at the end of the month I unscrewed the back lid, and it was full of little fine hairs. I always keep it in my pocket when I am cutting hair, but I don't see how any hairs get into the watch. Yet they must, because they are always there."

A New Definition.

The class was studying grammar. "Now," said the teacher, "can any one give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning full of, as in 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?"

There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put out his hand.

"Well, John," said the teacher, "what is your word?"

"Please, sir," came the reply, "'pious,' full of pie."

Vigorous Youngsters.

Lady—I am looking for a governess for my children.

Manager of Intelligence Office—Didn't we supply you with one last week?

"Yes."

"Well, madam, according to her report you don't need a governess; you need a lion tamer."

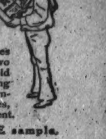
His Reasoning.

De Tough—I want to return this dog to the gent what owns him. I seen his ad. in the paper. The Lady—How did you guess it was a "gent" that put the ad. in? De Tough—'Cause it said, "No questions asked."—London Pick-Me-Up.

The Trouble.

Grouch — The Rev. Mr. Smiley's scheme to pass around the cigars and let the men smoke during services has proved a failure. Blunk—What was the trouble? Grouch—His wife bought the cigars.

THE ironing of black goods requires particular care and particular starch — common starch gives a rusty appearance to the fabric and leaves it streaked with white.



Celluloid Starch gives a glossy stiffness and preserves the solid blackness. Use two tablespoonfuls to a quart of cold water and add a little boiling water to clear it. For mourning goods, skirts, delicate laces, etc., the results will be excellent.

Write for a large FREE sample.

Ask your grocer for

Celluloid Starch

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The Rossford Starch Works, Limited, Rossford, Ontario.

"William," said the head of the firm, looking at his watch, "I have business out of town this afternoon, and may be detained several hours. If anybody should call—"

"Ther' ain't no ball game today, Mr. Spotcash," interrupted the office boy.

"I said nothing about ball games, William," rejoined his employer, eyeing him sternly. "However, my business is such that it can wait until some other day. That will be all just now, William."—Chicago Tribune.

Whether the corn be of old or new growth it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.

Clarence Sixper—What? Say! Are those coffins hanging over there under the trees?

Uncle Henry Screen— Them wuz coffins; now they are hammicks. Bill Mope, the undertaker, failed an' had a sale. Gid-dup!—Puck.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Sillicus—What do you consider is the proper time for a man to marry?

Cynicus—Oh, I suppose when he hasn't anything else to worry him.—Philadelphia Record.

"Why are you calling up the various hospitals?"

"My friend Snigglebat assured me he'd pay me $5 to-day or break a leg, and I want to find out which leg he broke."—Kansas' City Journal.

"Jove! You acted awf'ly well last night."

"Indeed, the audience did not seem to think so. They did not applaud a bit when I came off the stage."

"Oh, but I'm sure they were awf'ly pleased!"—London Opinion.

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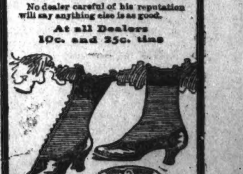

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News in Brief

The water in the Ottawa river is lower than it has been for 12 years.

—o—

A shake up in the officials in the New York Central railroad is on the tapis.

—o—

Eleven persons were killed and a dozen injured by an incendiary fire in New York.

—o—

Norman D. Wilson, of Guelph, died of lockjaw from stepping on bone and injuring his foot.

—o—

Five town lots have been sold by the government to the Methodist Church at Battleford at one dollar each.

—o—

Simon James of Hamilton, one of the best known owners of trotting horses in Canada, is dead, aged 83 years.

—o—

The Grand Jury at Truro, N.S., has found four true bills against Boyne, the Conservative boodler in Colchester.

—o—

An elevator collapsed at Medora, Man., the other day and scattered 25 thousand bushels of wheat on the ground.

—o—

An American packing house received a contract the other day for supplying one million pounds of meat to the British army.

—o—

James Duff, M.L.A. for South Simcoe, has been appointed Minister of Agriculture in Ontario, in succession to Hon. Nelson Monteith.

—o—

Lurier was presented with a red morocco bound volume with gold plate bearing inscription signed by 3,000 voters asking him to run in Quebec east. He will run.

—o—

Armours of Chicago, prominent in the so-called American beef trust, are reported to have taken over the business of a concern known as the fish trust, which increases the throttling grip of this Chicago outfit on two important food products.

WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

A Hardy Brood For Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownish bits that looked at first sight like flakes of dried bark.

"What are those—chips?"

"No. Butterflies."

Such a reply with a foot of snow on the ground and great probability of a foot more before morning was accepted as a pleasantry and not to be taken seriously. The idea of catching butterflies in a snowstorm seemed too "fishy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of the butterflies, those delicate little creatures of fair weather, naturally die. But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vanessids. They are frequently called "thaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently be seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant flitting lightly about in the open places.

These insects pass the winter both as chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Normally they remain in the crysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes some before they are fully developed, which may account for some of them hibernating as chrysalis.

Queer Milk.

Many specimens of unconscious humor are received by the editors of that monumental work, the "Imperial Gazetteer of India." A district was said to be "an extensive rolling plain, consisting of alternate ridges of bare stony hills and narrow fertile valleys." An interesting item of natural history was afforded by the remark, "The buffalo differs from the cow in giving milk which is richer in butter fat, in voice and in having no hump."—London Globe.

Poured.

"I have poured every day this week at some function or other," remarked the vivacious girl.

"Well, well!" murmured the old gentleman who overheard her. "Now I know what is meant by the term 'a reigning belle.'"

FORESAW THE OBVIOUS.

The Usher Knew What the Answer of His Charges Would Be.

"The temperance orator of today," he said, "is sure of a respectful hearing in the past it was not so. At the beginning of the temperance movement drinking men came to our meetings for no other purpose than to interrupt and confuse. The orator had to be very careful in his remarks. He had to look out lest he give his hearers an opening for some opportune but ribald interruption.

"I remember," he said, "when they began temperance work here in Washington. A series of meetings was held in a large hall. The audiences were always numerous, but they interrupted horribly. In the end an ex-prize fighter was hired to sit every night in the obstreperous gallery and keep order there.

"Well, one night the orator contrasted the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness. He spoke beautifully, and at his climax he cried in ringing, impassioned tones:

"'What do we want when we return from our daily toil? What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our faces and song to our lips?'

"Here the orator paused for effect, and the conscientious prize fighter tiptoed hurriedly to the front of the gallery, shook his finger at his unruly charges and said in a threatening stage whisper:

"'Mind, the first feller among ye wot says "Beer!"—out he goes.'"

IT WROTE ITSELF.

The Author's Story of the Origin of "My Maryland."

Brander Matthews wrote an account of the circumstances under which "Maryland, My Maryland," was written, and the poem's author, James Ryder Randall, approved Professor Matthews' account. In April, 1861, Colonel Randall read in the New Orleans Delta news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore.

"This account greatly excited me," Mr. Randall wrote in answer to a letter from Professor Matthews. "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling event there influenced my mind. That night I could not dismiss from my mind what I had read in the paper. About midnight I arose lit a candle and went to my desk Some powerful influence seemed to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.'

"I remember that this idea seemed to take shape as music in my brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses if not an inspiration of the intellect. No one was more surprised than I was at the widespread and instantaneous popularity I had been so strangely stimulated to write."

Colonel Randall always told his friends that the poem "wrote itself."

Doing Chores.

To dig one's own potatoes, to shock one's own corn, to pick one's own apples, to pile one's own squashes at one's own barn! It is like filling one's system with an antitoxin before going into a fever plagued country. One is immune to winter after this, provided he stays to bake his apples in his own wood fire. One works himself into a glow with all his digging and picking and piling that lasts until warm weather comes again, and along with this harvest glow comes stealing over him the after harvest peace. It is the serenity of Indian summer, the mood of the after harvest season, upon him—upon him and his fields and woods.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic.

Case For an Expert.

"Have you fixed up my will just the way I told you?" asked the sick man, who was the possessor of many needy relatives and some well to do but grasping ones.

"I have," asserted the lawyer.

"Just as strong and tight as you can make it, eh?" asked his client.

The lawyer nodded.

"All right," said the sick man. "Now I want to ask you one thing—not professionally—who do you think stands the best chance of getting the property when I'm gone?"

Would Take Nothing.

Mrs. Green (who thinks of hiring)—But is the girl honest? Can she be trusted Mrs. Brown (the girl's former mistress)—You need not be in the least alarmed. She is perfectly honest. All the time she was with me I never knew her to take a thing, not even my advice as to how things should be done.

Waits and Measures.

"What sort of a table do they set at your boarding house?" asked the young man who was entertaining a stranger.

"A table of waits and measures," replied his friend, "the first long and the latter short."

Almost.

Horace—Did the college authorities reinstate young Smith after he was expelled? Helen—Almost. Horace—Almost? Helen—Yes; I heard his folks say he was halfback.

His Contributions.

Missionary—Do you ever contribute money for the heathen in foreign lands, sir? Millionaire—Oh, yes. Both of my daughters married foreign noblemen.—Judge.

TRIBE OF CRIMINALS.

The Maghaya's Greatest Pride Is Successful Burglary.

The Maghaya is born in an arbar field and schooled to theft from his infancy. He lives without shelter or food for the morrow, perpetually moving from encampment to encampment, chased by the police and execrated by the villagers. His greatest pride is a successful burglary and a prolonged drinking bout his most coveted reward.

Jail offers no terrors to the dom. It is merely the result of being a bungler at his trade. The first attempt to reclaim the Maghaya doms in Champarun was made by Mr (now Sir E.) Henry. He found the greater number of the adult members of the tribe were in jail. Every police officer was held responsible if any doms were found in his jurisdiction, with the result that as soon as a dom was released from jail he was usually returned thither under the bad livelihood sections.

Agricultural settlements were established for the tribe, but they do not seem to have been very successful as civilizing agencies. The settlements serve as houses for the women and children, but the men are seldom found in them.

The females generally hawk stolen property in the villages and act as spies.

A WINDOW AND A WAR.

Costly Incident of the Reign of Louis XIV. of France.

A terrible war was once caused by a window.

It was in the days when Louis XIV., "Le Grand Monarque," was dazzling Europe. His minister, Louvois, was superintending on the king's behalf the building of the palace of the Trianon in the park at Versailles. Louis inspected the buildings one afternoon and declared one of the windows to be out of shape and smaller than the rest. This Louvois denied, and the king had the window measured, with the result that he was proved to be right, and he openly before all the court ridiculed Louvois.

But the minister had his revenge, for with the angry ejaculation that he would find better employment for a monarch than that of insulting his favorites, he embroiled France by his insolence in a quarrel with the powers, which only ended years later in the peace of Ryswick after a war which entailed the loss of many lives and the expenditure of large sums of money.

Wonderful Pews.

"Are you aware," said the antiquary, "that there are certain church pews to which the contribution basket is never passed?"

"No."

"It is a fact. These pews are in certain old churches in Philadelphia, in Boston and in a number of New England villages. They have been rented on a noncontribution basket basis for a couple of centuries. In the past, it is said, men slept in church. They even played draughts there, and the advent of the contribution basket would have been an amazing interruption to them. So for a very much higher rental they obtained pews that the collectors ignored. These pews in churches that like to keep up the quaint customs of the past are still maintained."

Sarcastic.

It was evening, and the conductor rang the bell violently as the omnibus crossed over at the bank. The driver drew up with a sudden jerk. No one uttered, and after waiting for a second or two the conductor ran up the stairs two steps at a time.

"Didn't you say you wanted the Mansion 'Ouse?" he demanded of a large and reposeful lady in front.

"Yes," she said without making any attempt to rise.

"Well," responded the conductor, "if you still want it you'd better come down, 'cause I can't shift it any closer for tuppence, and" (with cutting emphasis) "the 'osses is tired of waiting."—London Scraps.

Courts In the Open.

One of the revising barristers in the north of England held his court under a tree in a vicarage garden, the village schoolroom not being at his disposal. This is not by any means the first court held in the open. Deborah in the book of Judges, it will be remembered, gave judgment under a palm tree. Admirals, according to Prynne, held their courts "close by the flux and reflux of the sea," and in the fifteenth century the admiralty court used to sit on a quay at Southwark.—London Law Journal.

Waste of Energy.

"You never change your mind about anything, do you?"

"What's the use?" rejoined the egotist. "I found years ago that I was just as liable to be wrong the second time as I was the first."

The Elopement.

Muriel—When you eloped with George, did you leave a note telling your people where you had gone? Gabrielle—Why, of course. If I hadn't, how would papa have known where to send us any money?

The Attraction.

"Miss Skyile appears to have lost her attractiveness for the gentlemen," said one girl.

"Oh, no," replied the other; "she didn't lose it. Her father lost it on the Stock Exchange."

A good and faithful judge prefers the honest to the expedient.—Horace.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

What the Old Time Publishers Paid From a Sense of Justice.

Some interesting details have been given out lately as to the sums voluntarily paid to British novelists by American publishers before the days of international copyright. Any American firm could reprint at once whatever issued from the English presses, but some publishers arranged with British authors for advance sheets of forthcoming works, thus enabling them to get the start of "piratical" firms which paid the author nothing. It is interesting to observe the occasional disparity between the merit of the book and the price paid. The whole thing was in the nature of a leap in the dark. Often the sum given by the American publisher was really more than the American rights would probably have been worth had it been possible to secure them by copyright. Thus Anthony Trollope got $3,500 for "Sir Harry Hotspur," one of his poorest novels; George Eliot $8,500 for "Daniel Deronda" and Charles Reade $5,000 for "A Woman Hater." No publisher today would pay any such sums for these books if he were permitted to read them before buying.

On the other hand, by way of comparison, the very best books brought their authors only trifling returns from America. Charles Reade received only $250 for "Put Yourself in His Place." $1,000 for "Hard Cash," these being two of his finest novels, and $1,000 for "Love Me Little, Love Me Long." Thackeray got only $750 for "The Newcomes" and $500 for "Henry Esmond." Trollope obtained from the Harpers $125 for "The Bertrams." $250 for "Castle Richmond," $500 for "Phineas Finn." $250 for "The Eustace Diamonds," "Orley Farm," "Lady Anna" and "Ralph the Heir." The $500 for his "Cicero" is fully as much as any American publisher would give today for the copyright of such a book. George Eliot received only $100 for "Adam Bede" and $500 for "Silas Marner." "The Mill on the Floss" brought her $1,500.

Wilkie Collins and Dickens were the most popular authors of the precopyright period, and they fared best of all at the hands of their authorized American publishers. The former drew from this country $1,800 for "The Woman in White," $3,750 each for "The Moonstone" and "Man and Wife" and $3,000 for "Poor Miss Finch." To Dickens the Harpers paid $1,250 for "Little Dorrit." $1,800 for "Bleak House," $5,000 each for "Our Mutual Friend" and "A Tale of Two Cities" and $7,500 for "Great Expectations," this last representing the high water mark of such voluntary payments.—Bookman.

WHAT MONEY IS.

Bait for the matrimonial hook.

The most effective substitute for brains.

Money is the most difficult root to cultivate.

That which women look for while men sleep.

Money is the loudest sound in the voice of life.

What the rich don't need and the poor don't get.

A curse to some that have it and a curse to all that haven't.

A provider for everything but happiness, a passport to everywhere but heaven.

The one thing that makes crooked things look straight and straight things crooked.

That which speaks a language we can all understand, but in which so few are able to converse.

Purchasing by Scent.

"The nose is a powerful factor in the selection of flowers," said the proprietor of a flower stand. "I keep the doors of this glass case open in all kinds of weather. I want possible customers to catch a whiff of the fragrance. Most people buy flowers for the smell instead of the looks. They will pass a shut-in flower stand day after day and never think of buying anything, but just let them get the odor of some favorite flower and they will go home carrying a bouquet as big as your hat."—New York Press.

Golf Sticks.

It is of the utmost importance that the golfer should be on terms of the most complete confidence and intimacy with all the clubs in his bag, and particularly the wooden clubs, from which he gets his length. Such confidence cannot be established during the first few seasons of a golfer's experience. It needs a long time and much thought to grasp what are the essential features of a wooden club that make it exactly suited to the peculiarities of a particular player.—Fry's Magazine.

The Obliging Bankrupt.

Good comradeship may count for much. No man ever typified this better than the Wall street broker who said to his friend the reporter: "I did not fail until after the evening papers went to press, so that you could have it all to yourself in the morning. Come around in an hour or so and I'll give you the figures."

The White Canoe.

In the far north there is a superstition in which the trappers and traders firmly believe even now, that a white canoe, piloted through the heavens by the spirit of an old pioneer, comes for the dying.—Metropolitan Magazine.

When there is a man in the house just sick enough to stay indoors it behooves everybody to walk straight, or there is certain to be trouble.—Somerville Journal.

We hand folks over to God's mercy and show none ourselves.—Eliot.

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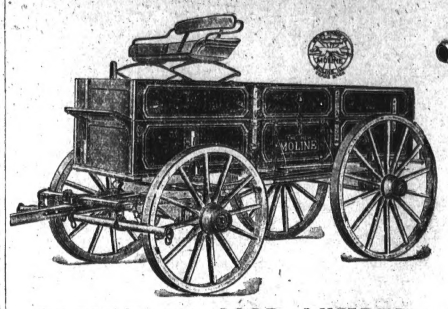

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